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**THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE**
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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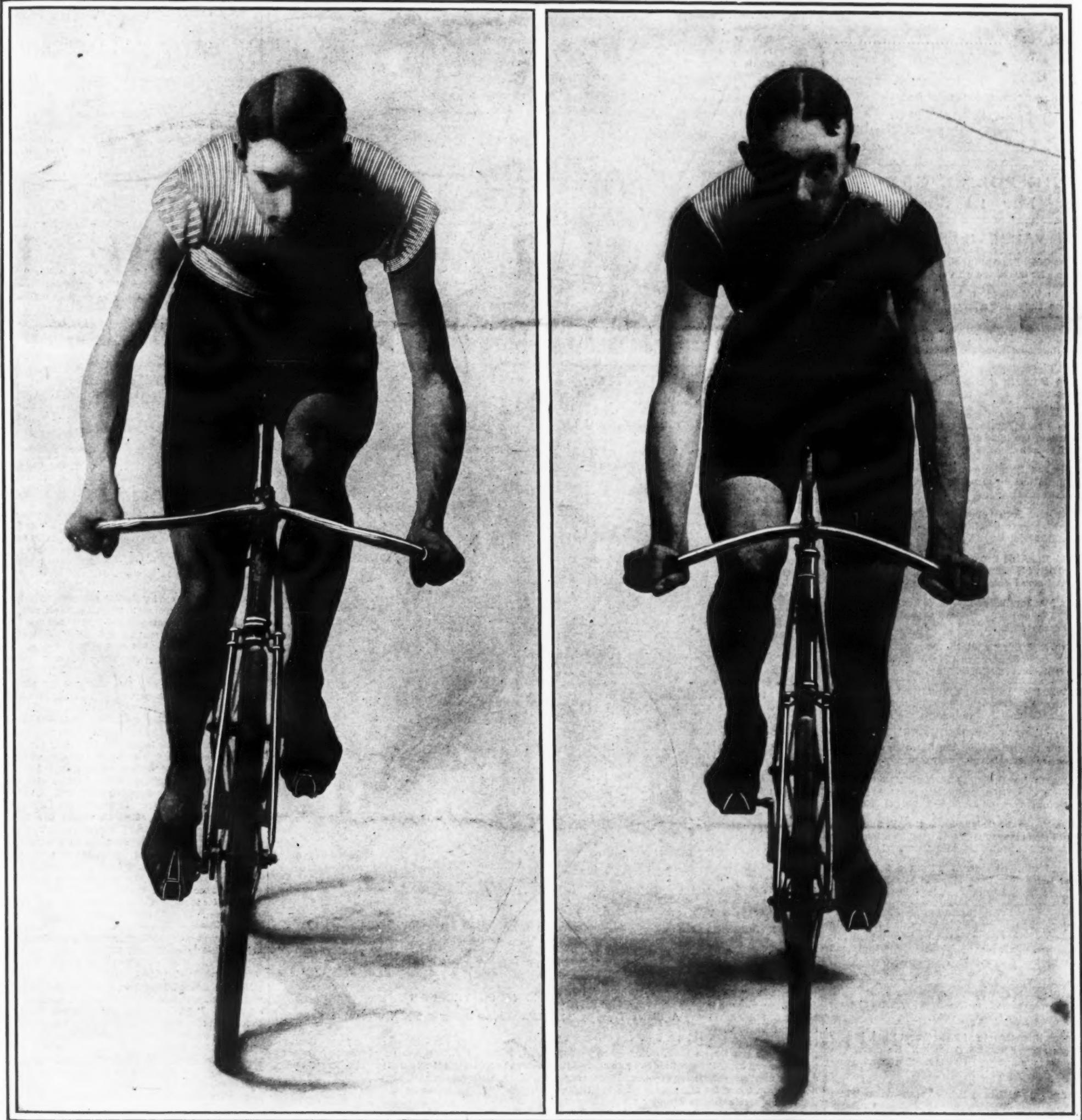


Photo by Horner Boston

STARS OF THE CYCLE TRACK.

Photo by Gilbert Philadelphia.

HARRY ELKES THE GLENS FALLS SHADOW AND HOWARD B. FREEMAN OF PORTLAND, OREGON--BOTH OF WHOM HAVE CREDITABLE RECORDS.



Established 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, September 20, 1902

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
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The following Coupon must accompany all
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THE POLICE GAZETTE
For 13 Weeks-\$1.00

VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP.

Joseph E. Blamphion, the English tenor, is engaged for this season with the Al G. Field Minstrels.

Jessie V. Livingston has signed with Hurtig & Sennan, and is now rehearsing with one of their companies.

Hugh V. and Bessie Lee have closed on the J. K. Burk circuit, and are playing the Canadian circuit of parks.

The Mays, in a new sketch by J. J. Warren, have been playing the Western circuit of parks with great success.

The Great Percino, trapeze performer, and J. T. Carlton, the high diver, are playing the Southern circuit of parks.

Ellis and Raymond are in their eighth week with J. W. Gorman's Imperial Minstrels, and are meeting with success.

Orth and Fern report big success with their new trick piano act, written by Elmer Tenley, entitled, "Sign That Book."

Pete and Allie Elmo are in their eighth week with Hunt's Vaudeville Circus, presenting their new act, "A Dutch Pickle."

The Meeker-Baker Trio have been engaged by John F. Byrne to do the principal pantomime parts in "Le Voyage en Suisse."

Bush and Gordon state they have met with great success presenting their latest acrobatic novelty, "The Golfer and His Caddy."

Nat S. Jerome has signed with "The Devil's Daughter" Extravaganza Company, under the management of James M. Brennan.

Madeline Franks has joined with Irwin Bros.' Show for this season, and the following season with the Ellinore Sisters' farce comedy company.

Francine La Marche, the soubrette of Frank Murphy's Comedians, reports a success with her singing and toe dancing on the Shea & Casey circuit.

Mlle. Vagge has signed with F. P. Spellman, and will play his circuit of fair dates, opening at Burton, O., Sept. 15, her act being the feature act on the bill.

Pearl La Rue has returned from a ten weeks' trip at Ocean City, Cape May and Atlantic City, and will leave for Australia about Sept. 15, for a pleasure trip.

Major John C. Warming is becoming famous in his latest success of spinning two batons in rag-time, on a slack wire, and is booked for parks, street fairs and vaudeville houses as a feature.

Musical Thor has played all summer over Eddie Shayne's and Frank Burt's parks. He made such a success recently in Evansville, Ind., that he was re-engaged for the following week.

George Fickett, late of Fickett and King, is now working alone, doing his clown act. He opens with his frog act the first of December, doing a double contortion specialty with Mlle. Zoloverden.

Mildred Franklin, since closing with "The Telephone Girl" Company, has been playing successfully through the South. She joins W. B. Watson's American Burlesques for this season.

Ollie Young and Brother, phenomenal hoop rollers, are introducing another series of new novelties this season with Primo & Dockstader's Minstrels, where their act is proving one of the effective numbers.

PENNILESS CHORUS GIRLS

—AN EVEN HUNDRED OF THEM—

STRANDED BY THE SAD SEA

It's a Long and Tiresome Walk From Atlantic City to New York,
So They Are Watching and Waiting.

HOW EVA TANQUAY IS SPENDING HER VACATION.

The Little Actress Calls it Resting, but Jeffries, Fitzsimmons and the Rest Call it Hard Training—Story of the Barefoot Lady.

By the sad sea waves they are watching and waiting for the money that hasn't come. "They" are chorus girls and there are about one hundred of them who are yearning for enough coin to get back to good old New York and Broadway.

The Rialto is calling loudly to its children, but there is nothing doing in the financial line, while board bills are coming due with a regularity that is heart-rending.

Trouping in Atlantic City is not what the managers represent. Summer salary, with two shows a day and hire your own bathing suit, is not the summer dream ideal. They have "gone broke."

This state of affairs is not because the "Man in White" failed to appear on scheduled time, but for the reason that the girls spent their salaries on too many of the alluring attractions so dear to the feminine heart.

Among those who dream of dear old Broadway is a heroine of the rescuing fame, who two months ago pulled a reckless Cincinnati banker from the surf and declined his two hundred dollar check. Then there are some of the "Trip to Buffalo" beauties who, now that the "Sultan's Harem" has been put out of business, wish to get back to Broadway.

There are also two sisters who were with "The Rounders," but one states that some wicked, cruel thief pilfered her pocketbook with her summer savings.

One "perfect lady" has been called to New York to rehearse with a "ten, twenty and thirty," but walking is too strenuous, and she is waiting a check. Another, who was to be funny in "Trip to Europe," is making anxious inquiries for a registered letter. She became petulant when some one told her to get a return trip ticket and a pair of oars before she takes the road.

Relief is in sight, but many, oh, so many, are convinced that the bright, blue sea is only the Slough of Despond.

The wireless telegraph announces that Eva Tanquay, the strenuous soubrette, is taking a rest there. Here is the way she is resting. She arises every morning at day-break and takes a brisk ten-mile run. Then she punches the bag for an hour, exercises on the horizontal bar and tosses the medicine ball till noon. After a hearty meal she puts up the fifty-pound dumbbell for half an hour, boxes for six rounds with her trainers and then scorches behind a motor for an hour.

Returning from her spin, she is rubbed down and practices.

MAKE YOURSELF STRONG

The art of wrestling nicely illustrated and containing portraits of the champions. Price, 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, Fox Building, New York City.

"I shan't go on the stage next year, for I'll be a sight." "Have you tried exercise?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"I have tried every fool muscular recipe in the back pages of the magazines," was the aggrieved reply. "I have hitched up those ridiculous rubber swings and almost pulled the wall out of the flat. I purchased a rowing machine and it only made me hungry and added to my weight."

"Did you try walking?"

"Certainly not. I'd have you to understand that parlor cars weren't a bit too good for the company I was with last year. No, indeed, we didn't walk a step!"

"I mean walking barefooted in the grass. The Kneipp cure, you know."

"No, is it any good?"

"Yes, and the simplest thing in the world. You get up very early in the morning and walk about in the grass before the dew is gone."

She adopted her friend's suggestion. Unfortunately she had neglected to warn the watchman of the Columbia Yacht Club, near which place she lived.

Carefully fulfilling the first provision of the treatment, she began to tread over the clover clad banks of the Hudson. Passing freight trains had no effect upon her nerves and, as she thought, the rocking yacht in midstream were the nearest approach to any living being.

Suddenly the watchman of the club burst upon her. It will never be decided which one of the two was most astonished.

"Say, these grounds are private. What are you, anyway? A lady burglar?"

Waiting to hear no more, the impatient patient fled, and the next act carried her to the cab and cosy home.

"Nay, I am once more for the dumbbells," says she.

The actresses and the actors who live in a certain theatrical boarding house in New York city were done out of a meal the other night and now they are wondering how they are ever going to catch up. A cluster of beauties, who are to be with the Rogers Brothers, desired an early dinner, as they had been ordered to report to a big department store for the final fittings of their costumes. The "Beauty and the Beast" girls had been called for an early rehearsal and they desired early dinner likewise. The landlady promised both, and hurried to the kitchen to give the cook orders.

Just about this time the thunder and lightning began to get in its work, and the cook, who is colored, refused to do a thing.

"Tain't no use t' try do nuthin' when th' Lawd's at wuk. Can't touch that ol' stove no how, missus, Lawd's mighty poweful an' can't nobody wuk when He's mad. Ah don't get no dinnah til He's done quit."

And the landlady had to watch the provisions on the stove burn while the cook stood guard with a carving knife and refused to let her or anybody else go near while the thunder and lightning were playing.

The boarders pleaded, some of the managers tried bribes and the landlady threatened, but all without avail. The dusky queen of the kitchen would do no work herself and would allow no one else to do any while the storm raged.

When the last mutter of thunder died away in the distance it was long past the dinner hour and the girls had gone hungry to rehearsals. The boarders threatened to quit, but the landlady assured them that she would give them two dinners at once some day and so they reconsidered.

The shy young things of upper Broadway—the soubrettes and show girls and chorus ladies—have recently developed something new in the matter of personal carriage while walking that is distinctly and sometimes amazingly unique. To be sure, you don't often catch these damsels engaged in pedestrianism unless mother is in town or the elderly and philanthropic gentleman in the cloak line who is interested in the discovery and advancement of feminine dramatic genius has gone to Saratoga for the benefit of his health.

Mother likes to see her darling soubrette offspring do a lot of walking, because it keeps her in physical trim during the summer months and enables her to withstand the rigorous fall and winter season of contact with the succulent but indigestible lobster and the alluring but fat-building small hot bird and large cold bottle.

This is one reason why the stage young woman inclined to the frivolous pursuit of riding in broughams all winter long takes to pedal exercise in summer, and, being totally unlike the ordinary members of her sex, takes it upon a principle all her own. She gathers her skirts about her, holding them firmly gripped in her left hand and drawn so closely that the anatomical revelations produced are extremely frank. Her right hand, being left disengaged, swings back and forth like an uncommonly wide-reaching pendulum. She sends it away back and then propels it far forward with every stride, producing the effect of violent exertion, as though she were walking for dear life. You have doubtless seen the female members of a stage chorus dressed in male attire and attempting to walk in true masculine fashion. You will instantly recognize the gait when you observe the fad up where the girls are rehearsing for the first amusement events of the theatrical season.

Two chorus girls of the "Rounders" won fifty dollars at Atlantic City on August 25. The wager was made by a gentleman whose connection with club life in Washington, D. C., is unquestioned.

He bet the amount mentioned that the girls, who are noted for their swimming ability, would not dare dive from the end of Young's Pier and swim ashore. Capt. Young told the girls that it was theirs to win or lose the bet. They made the dive and won easily.

The girls live in New York city. They learned to swim at 155th street, and every morning used to swim out to the yacht anchored in the Hudson and get a glass of the latest Saratoga water.

The money went to the treasury of the Chorus Girls' Protective Association of the United States and Canada, of which they are officers.

FINE HALF-TONE PICTURES
Elegant half-tone reproductions of famous boxers, athletes and actresses, printed on fine paper, ready for framing; six for 50 cents.



TAKING IT ON THE SWING.

A Sister Team with Main's Circus Doing a Thriller for the Crowd.

PHOTOGRAPHS WANTED—In Character or Uniform—FOR PUBLICATION IN POLICE GAZETTE

THERE WILL BE NO FAKE WHEN

—IN THE BIG ARENA AT LOUISVILLE—

TERRY AND CORBETT MEET

Both of the Crack Featherweights are Now Hard at Work Training in Their Respective Quarters in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Both Are Confident.

IT IS SETTLED THAT JIM CORBETT WILL REFEREE.

A SHORT FIGHT AND A SHARP ONE THE EXPERTS SAY—BETTING ON THE RESULT IS NOW AT FEVER HEAT—SPECIAL TRAINS FOR THE SPORTS.

At the present time the pugilistic centre of these United States of America is Cincinnati, O. At the Price Hill House are Young Corbett and his retinue, in which Trainer Harry Tuthill is a conspicuous figure,

than he was last Thanksgiving Day, which he no doubt will be, the fight would be a long drawn out affair.

"No, I think not," replied Johnny Corbett. "There will be something doing the minute the men step into the ring, and there will be no let-up until one or the other is stretched out on the canvas. I look for a short, fast fight, and the kid will get there with the goods. He is faster, stronger and a harder hitter than McGovern, so why should he not feel safe in retaining the championship."

Corbett is doing all his sparring with Willie Mack and Willie Fitzgerald, and he is keeping them busy all the time, too, but not overdoing himself.

"I know that I shall not go into the ring over-worked," he says, "but in good shape to put up the fight of my life. I know that there has been a lot of talk about my fight with Kid Broad. Well, the truth did not reach here. The reports sent out of Denver made it appear that Broad made a chopping block of me and that I was all but out on several occasions. Why, that is absurd."

"Broad really put up a very poor fight. All he did was to run away from me and make me follow. I would get him in a corner and he would swing with both hands. He landed some of these swings on my back, but he never hurt me. I was never in distress and was the fresher at the finish. I had a lot of tough luck in that fight

in that I missed knockout punches three or four times by perhaps a sixteenth of an inch. Any impartial person who saw that fight will tell you that I clearly beat Broad. But what's the use of talking about ancient history? If I lost any friends by the reports of that fight I will win them back when I meet McGovern."

"There was a time when Terry had that short jolt with which he knocked out his man," put in Tuthill, "but that time is past. He is forced to swing all the time now and you never see many men knocked out with swings. I think Corbett will beat him again and do it without much trouble. The kid is in fairly good shape now. His two weeks' work put him in good fettle. He is an easy man to train, because he is a willing worker. When he gets to going you have only to watch him so he doesn't do too much."

During his brief stop in New York before he left for the West, McGovern received an ovation from the newsboys which must have been flattering to him, and at the railroad station he distributed money among them.

The greatest demonstration, however, was in Brooklyn. At the foot of Twenty-second street is the lumber yard where Terry worked before seeking fame and fortune in the prize ring. Jimmy Regan, McGovern's old boss, still owns the place, and he is, of course, very proud of his old employee. When Terry hove in sight Regan walked into the yard where a number of men were at work and told them to quit work until they had a chance to meet Terry. McGovern shook hands with Regan and then went the rounds among the men, many of whom were there when Terry marked lumber for a living, earning the magnificent sum of \$6 per week. As Terry was about to leave he turned to the men and said:

"Boys, I used to be here with you making a living. If Young Corbett beats me this time you might see me back again."

Terry's remarks were received with cheers. He then went to his home at No. 205 Eighteenth street, where his wife and babies received him with much joy.

YOUNG CORBETT, McGOVERN,

As well as many records of pugilistic stars, will be found in the old reliable "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." Price, 10 cents, mailed to your address, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York City.



YOUNG CORBETT AND TUTHILL.

The Man who will Meet McGovern and His Efficient Trainer.

while at Dacey's Norwood, a spot equally desirable, is Terry McGovern and his followers, and—put this in bold type—Joe Humphreys, ring orator par excellence and silver-tongued announcer.

In both places ideal gymnasiums have been fitted up, and no expense has been spared in equipping the temporary homes of the two little fighters, whose coming bout is attracting more attention than any previous contest at the weights.

Harry Tuthill has made a hit with the champion as his trainer. He seems to have studied the youngster's disposition and sized him up just right.

Young Corbett is of a serious nature. He is not morose. On the contrary, he is extremely genial, but the little by-plays, the fun and jollity that go with the more serious business of training Corbett does not enter into personally. He smiles at the fun-making, but he wants to be up and doing all the time.

The gym is in the bowling alley which affords all the space necessary. All the apparatus that Jeffries used has been rigged up for Corbett. The gym is fitted up with a punching bag, pulleys, a wrestling mat and a twenty-four foot ring.

Corbett has a new device in developing his muscles known as the floor bag. It is a punching bag fastened to the floor by a short rope. On the other end is fastened a rubber band, which is put over the boxer's neck, and the bag punched in the same manner as is the bag suspended from a platform.

"I am training the champion after my own ideas," says Tuthill. "He has had very hard training for some time now, and I am not going to let him get stale. I want him to carry something with him into the ring; not leave it in the gymnasium, or along the road, as Sharkey and the other big fellows have done. I'll bring my man to Louisville in perfect condition, and he can't lose if I am any judge. I am training a little wonder."

Corbett has this to say about himself, and he says it confidently, too:

"I shall go to Louisville the champion, and I shall come away from there the same. I never felt better in my life and shall advise all my friends to put their money on me.

"They say it was a lucky punch that put Terry out once before, but I'll have that same punch this time." It was suggested that if McGovern is in better shape

McGovern's trainer, Charley Mayhood, returned to his home in New York city, and Art Simms, the Ohio lightweight, took up quarters with Eddie Cain in South Brooklyn.

When "Honest John" Kelly met McGovern later, Terry asked him if it was true that he was backing Young Corbett to beat him.

"Yes," said Kelly, "I am on the Westerner for the winner. I backed you many a time, Terry, but I am with the other fellow now."

"Well, if you played me every time I started I guess you are a big winner, and have no kick coming," remarked Terry.

"None whatever," said "Honest John," and Terry moved on.

"If Terry wins this fight," said Sam Harris, "I will post \$1,000 with the POLICE GAZETTE as a forfeit to back him against any man in the world at 122 pounds. All this rot about McGovern not being able to do 122 pounds is without doubt the work of some knockers. I'll bet anyone who cares to wager \$500 that McGovern will not weigh over 124 pounds the night he fights Corbett, which is several pounds below what the articles call for."

According to Terry, he is going to do a little betting on his own account.

"I have no doubt of the outcome," he said a few days ago. "Even if they do make me the favorite in the betting, I will wager \$5,000 that I will defeat my man. I am stronger to-day than I was when I whipped Dave Sullivan, and I am faster, too, which counts a great deal."

The question of referee seems to have been settled, and the cry of fake has been laid low by Manager Gray, as follows:

"Certain writers seem to be trying to make the public believe that this contest between Corbett and McGovern will not be decided on its merits. The most of the men who have been casting insinuations are not in a position to know anything about this contest. They have been busy discussing the selection of a referee when that was arranged just as soon as I secured the contest. I had a letter two weeks ago from James Corbett saying that he would surely be here on the night of the 23d, and I don't think there is a sporting man in the country who would for a moment doubt his fairness and integrity in a matter of this kind. People have learned by past experience that we have no fakes here."

"Broad really put up a very poor fight. All he did was to run away from me and make me follow. I would get him in a corner and he would swing with both hands. He landed some of these swings on my back, but he never hurt me. I was never in distress and was the fresher at the finish. I had a lot of tough luck in that fight

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Young Corbett also had something to say about the

"If I were going to lay down do you think Honest John Kelly, Eddie Burke, the Considine brothers and others would back me in the coming fight? Not much. These men will not bet a \$10 note, but thousands."

The name of Terry McGovern has never been associated with anything that would even have the suspicion of unfairness, and no one has ever intimated that he would for one moment listen to a proposition to rearrange a battle to deceive the public.

All indications point to a record-breaking house, and there will be many special trains bound for Louisville from the various big cities.

James Mason will head a Pittsburgh party, and it is likely there will be two specials from that city.

Boston sports will fill a special train, and Chicago men have chartered an engine and six cars to take them to Louisville.

As usual, the POLICE GAZETTE will be well represented at the ringside, and the story of the fight which will appear in these columns will be a detailed and graphic history of what will undoubtedly be the greatest battle ever fought by featherweights.

The fight issue will contain a double-page of halftone photographs of the little men which will be well worth having.

Jim Corbett is going to run a special train to the fight providing he can book enough sporting men to cover the extra expense. He will leave with his party two days before the battle.

Robert C. Gray, the manager of the Southern Athletic Club, at Louisville, Ky., says there is every indication that a record breaking crowd will witness the battle.

Pictures will be taken of the battle. The fighters and the club will each receive one-third of the profits accruing from the same.

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE FIGHT
By Rounds in the Great Fight Issue.

GIBBS STOPPED THURSTON.

At the Reliance Club, San Francisco, Cal., on Aug. 19, Young Gibbs stopped "Dutch" Thurston in twelve rounds. The winner had the fight all the way.

As the men came to the centre in the first Thurston landed two or three swings on Gibbs and tried his hardest to get in that many more, but the colored welter kept cool, blocking and looking his man over. In the second and third Thurston still forced, but near the close received a left in the pit of the stomach that rolled him over on the floor. Just as the referee had counted nine the gong rang and the disabled Teuton was carried to his corner still writhing from the pain. He was cheered loudly as he came up for the next round and danced all around the ring, avoiding Gibbs' wallop. Thurston went down again in the fifth, just as the gong sounded. He kept up his running tactics after this, taking a terrible beating about the body and head. The fight was the same one-sided affair until the twelfth, when Gibbs "rocked him" with a left on the jaw, followed by some vicious blows on the body. Thurston was about to drop from the heavy punishment when the referee stopped it.

THE BEST LIGHTWEIGHT.

"Whom do you consider the best lightweight?" was asked of Tommy Ryan the other day. "Well, it would not be a hard matter to guess who holds that position. Joe Gans is in a class by himself. I do not know of any of the boys in that class that have even so much as a look in with him. He has fought them all, and just look back over his record and see what he has done with them. There is that fellow Jimmy Britt in California, however, that comes highly recommended by experts who have watched him perform. I have never seen him put his hands up and therefore am unable to judge of his merits. But from all accounts he must be something above the average. Remember, however, he will have to be awful good to beat Gans, and if they ever fight my checks will be down on the colored boy, regardless of how good Britt may be. They may fool me, but I'm willing to take the chance. Gans



TAKING IT EASY.

Young Corbett with His Manager and Trainers After a Stiff Run on the Road.

cry of fake, and here is a paragraph from a recent letter to the POLICE GAZETTE:

"I would rather defeat McGovern than be president of the United States."

"The public has given me little credit for defeating McGovern. The quick termination of the battle and the general impression that McGovern was in poor form when he fought me made the victory seem to many as a fluke. The fact is, I outfought and beat him at his own game. He has nothing on me, and I will beat him, when we meet, as easily as I did before.

made one bad mistake faking with McGovern, but he has seen the folly of such transactions and in the future will fight strictly on the level. Gans is the best lightweight in the world."

Naturally he would be considering he has the title, and that he didn't get it by default, either.

CUT RATES IN SPORTING BOOKS

You can have your choice of two for 25 cents.

"Life of James J. Corbett," "American Champions," "Black Champions," "Life of John L. Sullivan,"

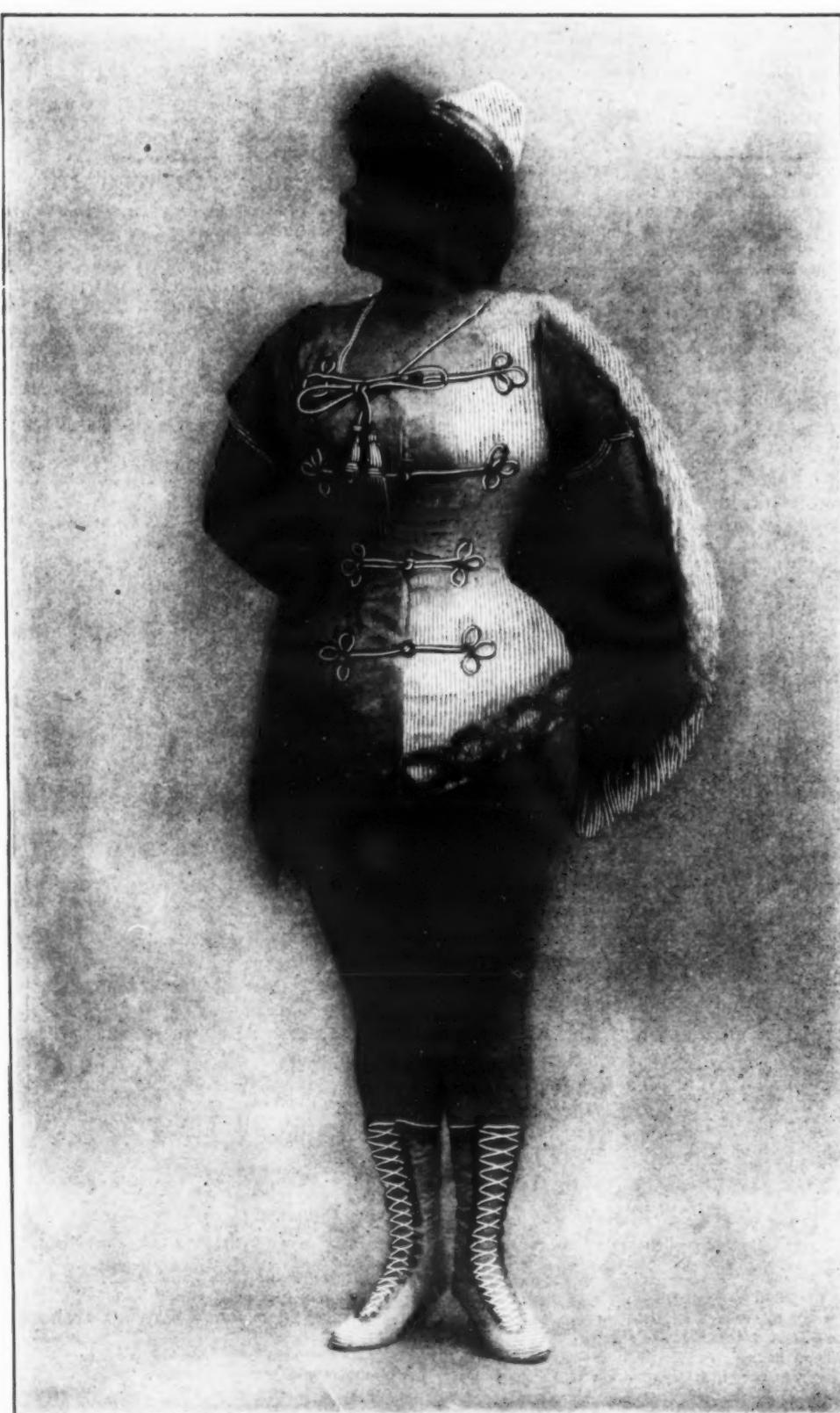
ORDER YOUR McGOVERN-CORBETT FIGHT NUMBER IN ADVANCE—There Will be a Great Demand

*Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.***LILLIAN CARLTON.**

SHE IS VERY SOUBRETTISH AND QUITE UNCONVENTIONAL WHEN IT COMES TO CHAIRS.

*Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.***CLASSICAL POSE, ISN'T IT?**

HER NAME IS CIRIAC, SHE'S A DAINTY PARISIENNE AND SHE IS BEAUTIFUL AS WELL AS TALENTED.

*Photo by Falk, New York.***AGNES EVANS.**

SINGS DELIGHTFULLY, AND SHE HAS WHAT THE EXPERTS DESIGNATE AS A FINE STAGE PRESENCE.

*Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.***"I'M FIXED FOR THE SEASON."**

CHARMING NINA RANDALL WHO IS IN GREAT DEMAND BY THE MANAGERS.

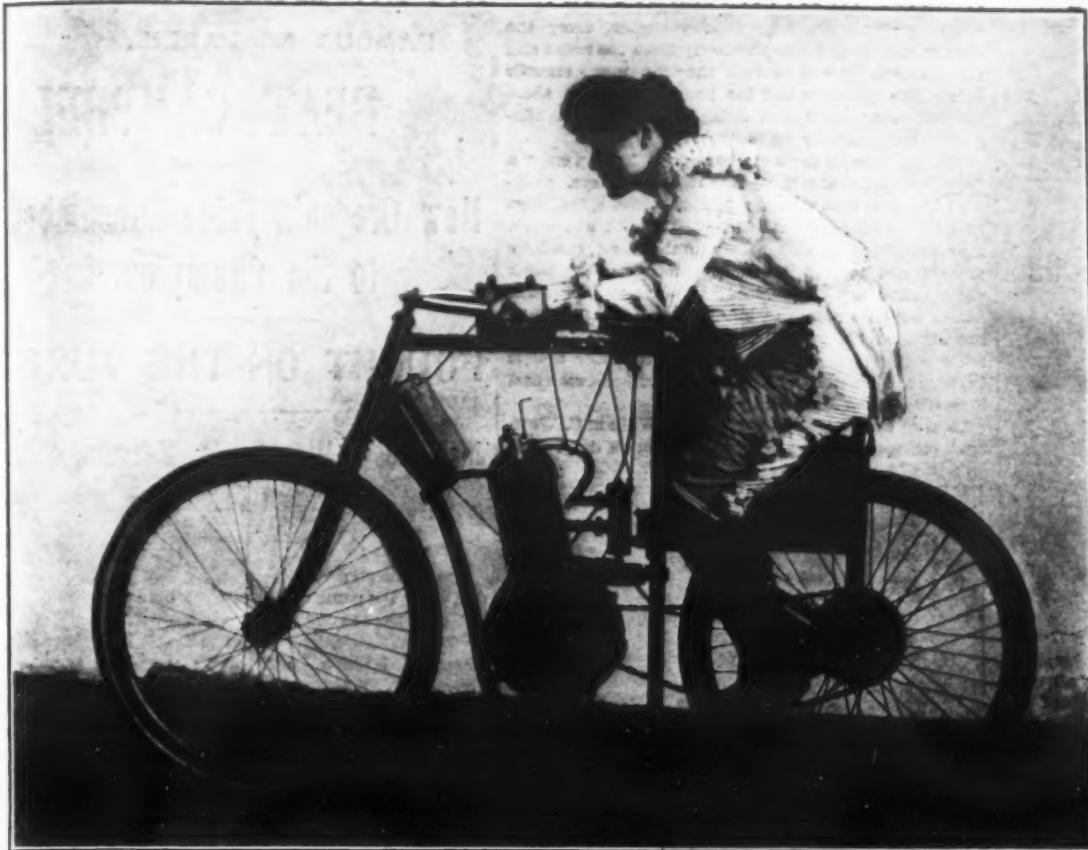


Photo by Naegeli, New York.

IT TAKES NERVE TO RIDE THE MOTOR-CYCLE—RECORD 1:30.

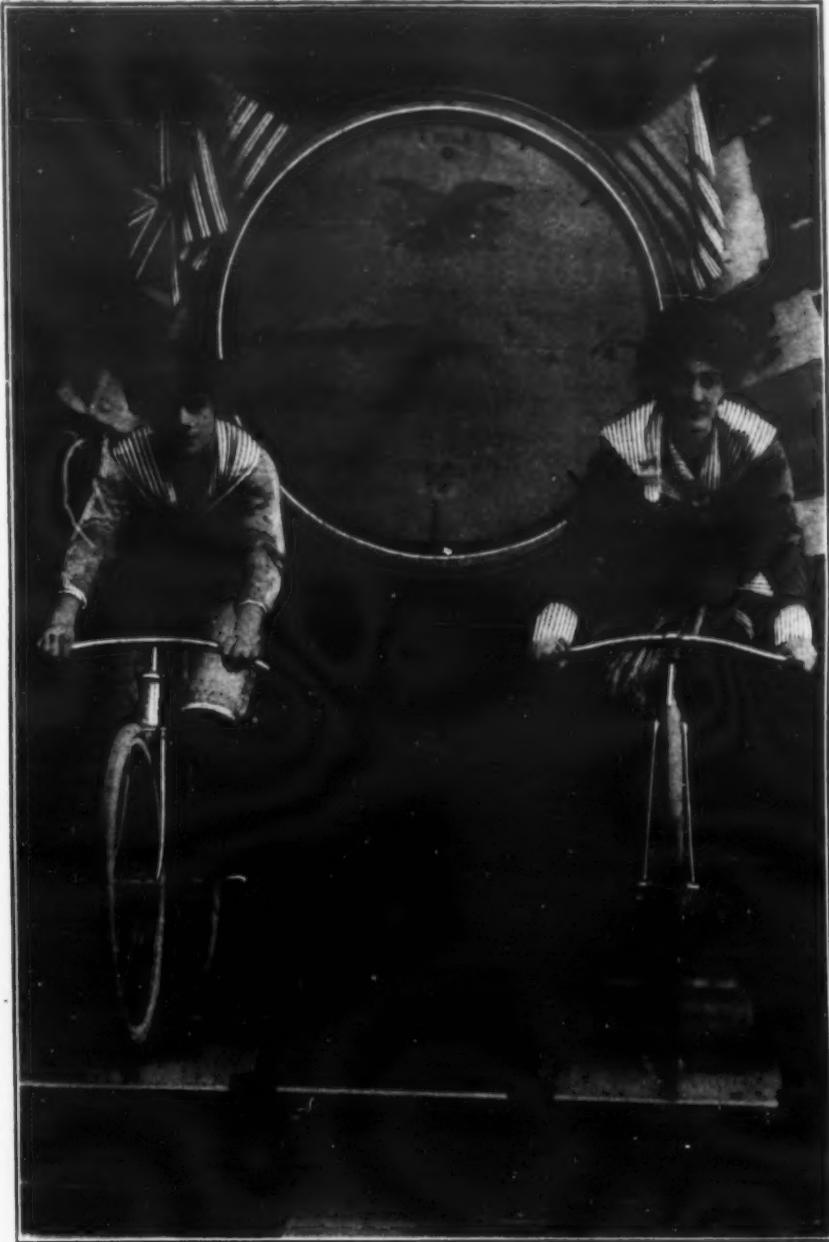


Photo by Naegeli, New York.

ON HER RACING HOME-TRAINER—RECORD 1:18.

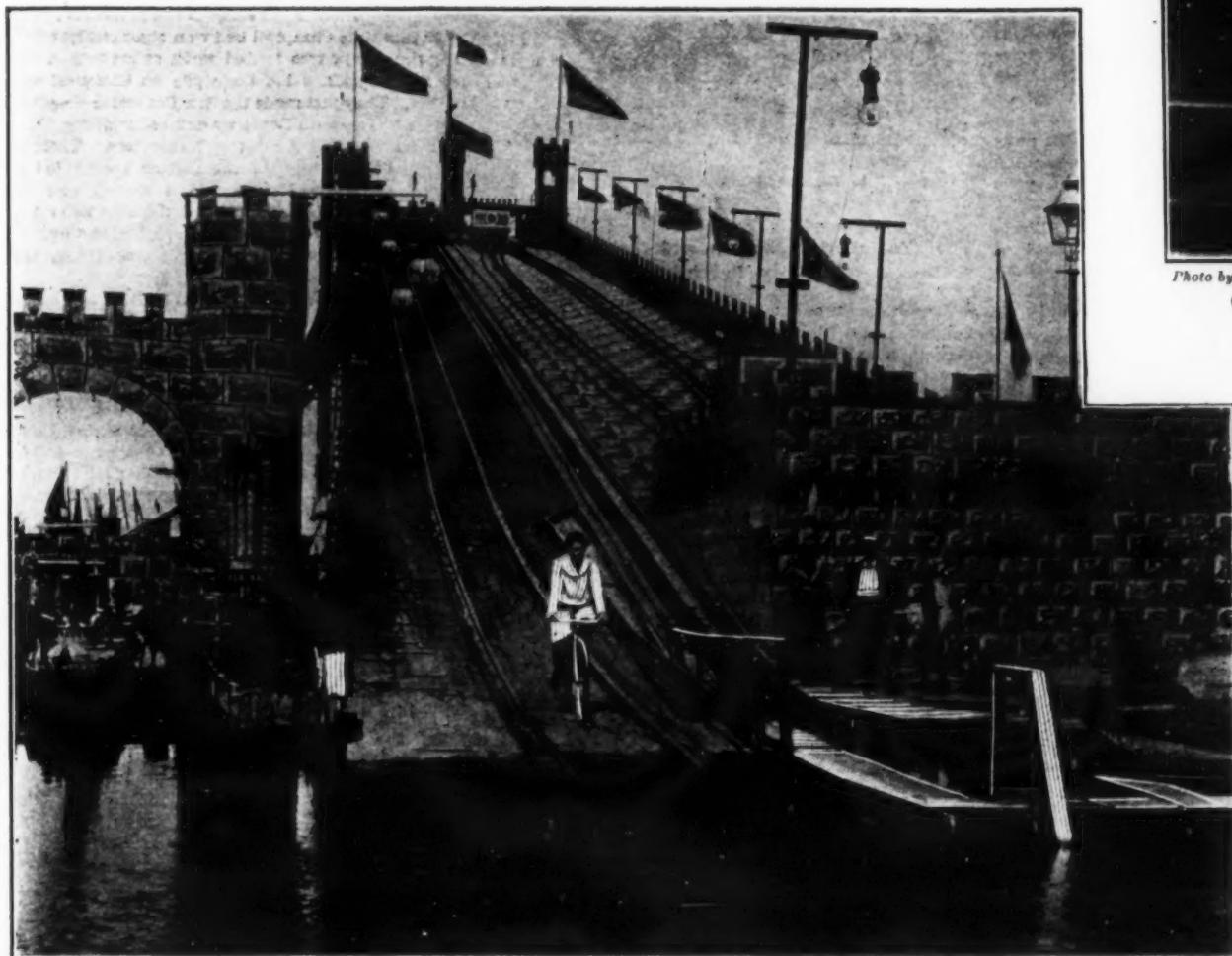


Photo by Mitchell, Brooklyn.

HER DANGEROUS ACT OF SHOOTING THE CHUTES AT CONEY ISLAND.



Photo by Naegeli, New York.

LOTTIE BRANDON, CHAMPION WOMAN CYCLIST.

SOME INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE REMARKABLE YOUNG RIDER WHO HAS COVERED 33 MILES 750 YARDS IN ONE HOUR, A WORLD'S RECORD FOR HER SEX.



Photo by Naegeli, New York.

JOCKEYS FACE DEATH

—BUT IT HAS NO TERRORS FOR THEM—

WHEN IN THE SADDLE

It Takes an Iron Nerve to Wear the Silk for a Stable and Ride the Good Thoroughbreds.

ONLY THE MOST FEARLESS MAKE A SUCCESS.

Good and Capable Riders Are Scarce and Those Who Are Popular Are Sure of Accumulating a Fortune for Themselves.

Every time a jockey rides out of the paddock gate for a race he takes his life in his hands. It was at the flag end of the Brighton meeting that a big field of horses was sent away from the post in front of the grand stand. As the thoroughbreds clashed around the lower turn one of them stumbled. Down under the flying hoofs fell a pale-faced boy, helpless. A cry of horror went up from hundreds of spectators who were sure they had seen a tragedy. Several men rushed out on the track and tenderly picked the youngster up. Blood from a gash over his left eye covered his face. He was apparently dead. Suddenly a woman, who sat in the front row of the grand stand, turned as white as a sheet. Her lips moved and her eyes seemed glassy.

"My God!" she cried. "It is my boy! My child! They have killed him!" and then she swooned.

The boy was Jockey Shear, who rides for R. T. Wilson, Jr. The doctors worked over him successfully and the next day he sat beside his mother in the grand stand, with a patch over his eye.

"It was a narrow escape," said the little fellow, coolly, "but those things often happen. It's part of the game, you know."

Last spring Jockey Booker was killed in a race. He had the mount on Red Knight, and as the colt fell Booker was thrown directly in the path of the horses that were rushing along behind him. One of them kicked him in the temple and for ten days the boy lay unconscious in the hospital. Then he died. It was only recently at Saratoga that Jockey Martin, who rides for Julius Fleischmann, had a narrow escape from sudden death. He was thrown in the stretch from Wax Candle's saddle, and apparently was trampled by the rushing field. But on regaining consciousness it was found his only injury was a bruised knee.

It is possible to see almost any day at the track boys in knee breeches who want to be jockeys. Some of them are not ten years old, yet they are learning the ropes by exercising horses. All of them know the fame and fortune acquired by Tod Sloan, Danny

They may be the sons of trainers or old-time jockeys, or they may have brothers who are deeply engaged in the turf game. Others have no influence at all, but possessing real American nerve push themselves to the front and succeed. But in climbing up the ladder of fame these youngsters find many a broken rung. Stable boys and exercise boys are always needful but there are so many good jockeys working on the big tracks that there are few openings for inexperienced novices. The boys who take the hard knocks, persevere in the face of discouraging obstacles and care nothing for rewards are the ones who generally make their marks, but it requires a great deal of patience sometimes to keep from throwing up the task in disgust.

It is a boy's proudest moment when he is allowed to put on a silk jacket and cap and ride in race. Recently the Jockey Club recommended to the various racing associations that it would be well to put on races exclusively for apprentices now and then. This action was hailed with intense satisfaction by the little fellows who had been vainly looking for a chance to show their horsemanship. As a result, the apprentice races have served to stimulate the interest among the shavers and now the number of would-be jockeys is about double what it used to be.

But when a boy becomes a full-fledged jockey life is not so easy, after all. True it is that there is a salary of from \$10,000 to \$20,000 for a real star jockey, but he has to work for it just the same. In a word, the life of a jockey is one of extreme hardship, coupled always with a chance of being killed at any moment. The average jockey is a minor. His father or his mother or some near relative controls his habits and also handles his wages until he becomes of age. Then if he is not inclined to be wild he is "wise," and knows that a quiet, abstemious life is the best. Such a boy generally lives within hailing distance of the track. Down at Sheepshead Bay many of the best jockeys make their headquarters. They are up before sunrise, and most of them begin the day's work by exercising horses. In the gallops before dawn they are up in the saddle, and they know just when a good thing is ready to be cut loose. Then they go to breakfast, and have royal appetites, too. As the sun blazes high in the sky it becomes time to look after the weight. If a boy has to reduce in order to make a certain figure he has several methods to employ. He can boil himself down in a Turkish bath or he can put on sweaters and work off his flesh either by riding a bicycle or running on the road. If it seems to be a difficult task to keep to the necessary weight luncheon is passed by without so much as a look at the bill of fare. Then comes the bustle and hustle of the afternoon. The boys must report to the racing secretary at 1 o'clock sharp so that they may have their names and their mounts, as well as the weights, recorded.

In the paddock, when they are getting ready for a race, they are under the immediate care of Patrol Judge Hall. It is then that they are watched narrowly both by the public and by the Pinkerton detectives—by the public, because the boys receive last instructions from trainers and may be able to impart some valuable information to friends, and by the Pinkertons, because something may occur that will lead to a way of discovering, if possible, any collusion between riders and bookmakers.

It was not so very long ago that the Jockey Club issued orders that jockeys could not leave the paddock to go into the grand stand or the betting ring until they had fulfilled all of their engagements for the day. That was brought about because of the trouble a boy got into when his valet ran up to him in the paddock and made a whispered remark which was afterward reported to be a tip from a bookmaker that the boy should

not try to win. And these jockeys, big and little and to ability, all have valets. Some of the valets are bigger and older than the riders and are unusually shrewd.

RECIPES FOR BARBERS

Fox's "Barber's Book of Recipes" is one of the greatest books of its kind published. Just issued. Price, 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, New York City.

In fact, they might be called business managers instead of servants. They have innumerable duties. They are compelled to look after the various costumes to be worn by the boys, they hold valuables, carry the saddles, bridles and lead pads away from the scales and run errands. It was because they ran many errands between the paddock and the betting ring that there was talk some time ago of doing away with them altogether, and that may yet be done.

When a jockey's day's work is done he can enjoy a little lionizing, that is if he has ridden winners. Winnie O'Connor, who rides for A. Featherstone, is always in evidence when he has laid aside the silk and whip. He always appears with neatly combed hair, carefully pressed clothes and inevitably smokes a big, black cigar. This boy is as steady as a clock as regards habits, but he is boyish in many ways, even though he has attained his majority. He is a great lover of athletics, thinks he can box, is a fair bicyclist and is devoted to his automobile. He is a fine horseman and is earning perhaps \$30,000 a year.

Tommy Burns, who is the best of William C. Whitney's jockeys, dresses like a nabob when off duty. His

WHEN DEMPSEY,
FAMOUS NONPAREIL,

BEAT CAMPBELL

How Oregon's Pride Succumbed
to the Champion.

FOUGHT ON THE TURF.

Jack Took His Man's Measure, Said
"O. K." and Dropped Him.

One of the pugilistic old timers was talking the other day about the game that is nearest his heart, when the subject drifted to Jack Dempsey.

"Good old Jack," he remarked. "I'll never forget when Jack Keenan, Larry Sullivan and myself trained and seconded Dempsey in his memorable battle with Dave Campbell, which took place on the banks of the Lewis River, twenty-two miles below Portland, Ore., in April, 1886. The old timers who were there will hardly forget the stirring scenes and incidents of the day. Picture to yourself a beautiful green meadow, level as a billiard table, surrounded by a group of giant pines.

"Two rings were quickly staked off and pitched—the inner ring for the principals, the outer one to hold in check the five thousand noisy, good-natured sports who had come from all over the Pacific Coast to witness the contest. Five big excursion steamers, loaded to the guards, left Portland at 7 A. M. for the battle ground, which had already been chosen a week before, but was only known to a handful of the faithful.

"At that time Campbell had won eight straight fights in Jim time, so he was looked upon as invincible. The way the Oregonians bet their pile on Campbell was a caution. They just made the San Francisco delegation which came up with Dempsey quit betting.

"It was a sorry day for the Webfooters. Their idol never had a look in with the master mechanic from New York. The Nonpareil just sidestepped Campbell's terrific swings the first two rounds until he had fully taken his measure, and to a query of mine then as to how everything was going, said: 'All O. K.'

"Sure enough, they had not been at it over a minute in round three when Dempsey, who had been breaking ground and going back from Campbell's vicious onslaught, braced himself, crooked his left and stopped Dave's right swing and then sent over his own right with the force of a pile driver.

"The blow was timed to a fraction, and poor Campbell went down like a shot. It was all over, and the greatest ring general of the world had added another scalp to his already long list without as much as mussing his hair.

"The ring was immediately cleared and taken possession of by Tom Ward and Larry Sullivan, who fought for sixty-six rounds under London rules. Ward won on a foul.

"With the exception of the John L. Sullivan-Jake Kilrain mill for the championship at Mississippi City this was the last of those gory and old-time encounters."

HELLO, BARKEEP!

Are you going to send a recipe of your own for the "Police Gazette" bartender's contest? You ought to, for you may win the medal. There are prizes in gold, too. Look it over.

This Week's Illustrations

Bay Shore, on the Great South Bay, Long Island, numbers among its summer residents some very charming young women. The prettiest of these engaged in a tub race the other day, and it was decidedly interesting. The prize, which was a handsome loving cup, was put up by the young men of the town.

This is to girls. When you elope don't be so romantic as to insist upon leaving the parental roof by way of a ladder. Cut that out; it's old-fashioned. Get the fellow to drive up with a fast automobile, leave by way of the front door, jump in your seat and remark:

"Let her go, Bill. The old man won't be one, two, three with that wall-eyed calico dead he's got in the barn. We'll leave him a mile behind."

If your Bill doesn't happen to have an automobile, tell him to forget where you live and look for a Willie boy with a bark roll that has never had malaris and a chu-chu wagon that can go over a steepchase course.

Look at the picture on another page and see how that Peru (Ind.) beauty looked when the ladder broke. She isn't married yet—she's in the hospital.

A balloon, which was ready to go up; an inquisitive boy, who got tangled in a guy rope; a mother, who screamed, and an astronaut, who didn't lose his head, were the thrilling features of an ascension at Minneapolis the other day.

When the big silk bag went up, the boy went with it. There also went up a yell from the crowd and what writers would call an agonized scream from the mother, but in the words of "Chuck" Connors, the sky pilot was there with the goods. He reached down, disengaged the kid, and gave him a ten-foot drop to a soft spot, and then went skyward about his business as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

The appreciative mother called on him the next day and gave him a gold watch, because he was on time in an emergency.

PHOTOGRAPHS WANTED
For publication in POLICE GAZETTE. Vandals in character, sports, or any interesting subject. Send direct to POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, FOX Building, New York city.



Photo by Jansen, Buffalo.

WENONA.

Police Gazette Champion Lady Rifle Shot now in Vaudeville.

Maher, Lester Reiff, Tommy Burns, Willie Shaw, Otto Wonderly, George Odom and other jockeys known wherever a racehorse puts his head through a bridle. These little fellows, therefore, have fired in them from the first the ambition to ride winners, receive big wages and if possible sit in the floral horseshoe emblematic of winning a Brooklyn or a Suburban Handicap. Some of them have influence with which to progress.

not try to win. And these jockeys, big and little and to ability, all have valets. Some of the valets are bigger and older than the riders and are unusually shrewd.

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Have You a FOX'S BARTENDER'S GUIDE? 25 Cents---All the Good Drinks in a Most Compact Form

GATES OF THE CONTEST STILL OPEN

SEND YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS IN AFTER THAT FAMOUS DIAMOND CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL--A CHANCE FOR ALL.

It is a good idea to occasionally publish some of the letters which are received in a newspaper office, even though they may not be intended for publication. The one which follows is printed merely to show that the

an undertaker, a soldier, a sailor, a fireman, a barber, a carpenter, a butcher, or anything else—for all are welcome to enter—but as soon as he wins this trophy he will have a new field of usefulness open to him.

much time in dancing around the ring looking for openings, and Riley, having longer arms, and being a better man at long range boxing, made much of his opportunity by using his left. He had Griff puzzled all during the bout.

The redoubtable Joe Grim and an aspiring sailor foristic fame stacked up against each other in the semi-wind-up. The mariner went under the soubriquet of Sailor Jack, but as he was an easy mark for the Italian, the referee stopped the bout in the fourth round.

In the prelims Vernon Campbell and Jimmy Hill went six rounds to a draw. Max Haugh and Young Ruhlin made an even split of it, while the same decision about justified the bout between George Walker and Freddy Freedler.

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YANGER AND ATTELL MATCHED.

Benny Yanger, the "Tipton Slasher," has responded to the call of Abe Attell and the pair are to come together again. A match has been arranged and the two will have it out for twenty rounds at the Acme A. C., Oakland, Cal., on October 7. This is the club conducted by Billy Lavigne, "Kid" Lavigne's brother. Billy has been negotiating with the two for some time and finally secured their services. The bout will be at 122 pounds, for a division of the gate receipts. Their last meeting resulted in a victory for Yanger, although it was a toss-up who would win. In the nineteenth round, after having a fine chance of victory, Attell became so weak that the authorities interfered and Yanger got the decision.

BOXING IN PHILADELPHIA.

In the fight between Sammy Smith and Young Erne before the National Athletic Club at Philadelphia recently, the former had a shade on Erne as far as weight and reach were concerned. In the sixth and last round Smith was hot after Erne and staggered him with left and right on jaw and body. Sammy repeated the trick three times in quick succession, but his blows did not have the necessary steam behind them. At the end of the round Erne was full of fight and both boys were hard at it when the gong sounded. It was without a doubt one of the most scientific bouts between featherweights ever seen in that city.

Maxey Haugh, of Brooklyn, was substituted for Mike Tuths, of the same city, in the semi-windup with Lew Ryall, and made a very poor attempt. From the

stomach and jaw and invariably landed with good effect, while Kalb contented himself by jabbing his left to the mouth. It was Beebe's bout, he being the most aggressive and at times practically carried the fight to Kalb.

Our Halftone Photos.

Louis Bermann has the distinction of being the organizer of the Boer Guard, and as its captain he is very popular with its members.

"Kid" Farmer is well known in ring circles as a clever bantamweight of Chicago, Ill., and has eighteen successive victories to his credit.

John N. Radetich is one of the best bartenders in New Orleans, La., and he has invented several new drinks. He is with his father at 902 Camp street.

Billy Howard is a deaf and dumb pugilist of Pittsburgh, Pa., and can boast of having never suffered a knockout. Howard's best fighting weight is 130 pounds.

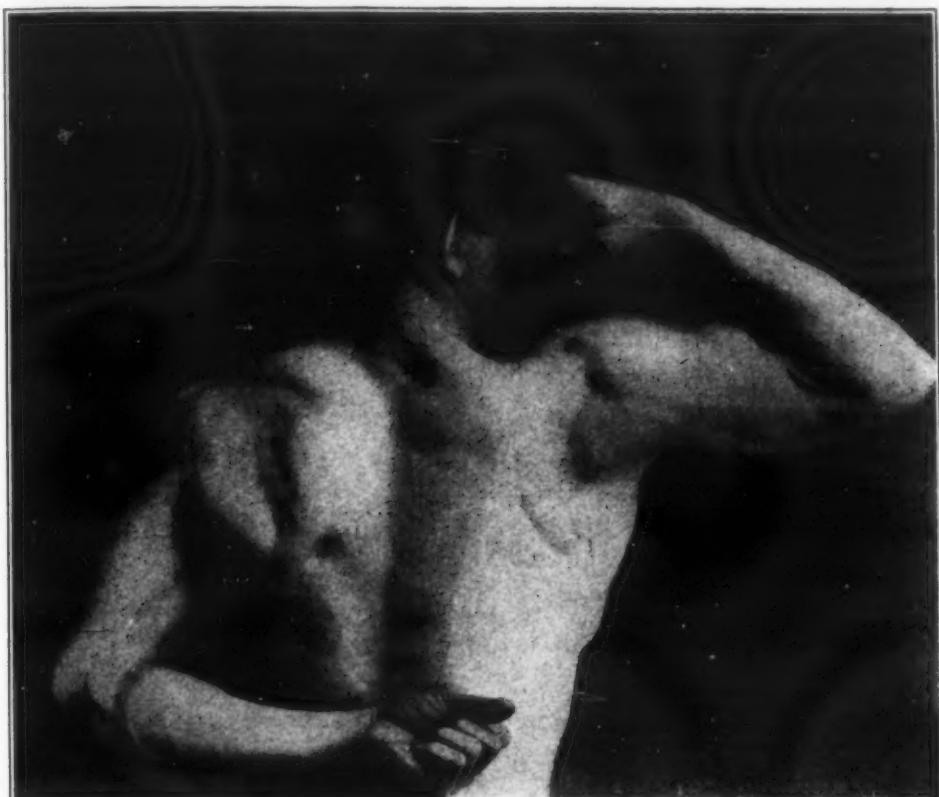
Troy Jim is a handsome bulldog, the property of H. H. Mertens, a well-known sporting man of Troy, N. Y. Mr. Mertens is also the possessor of some fine game cocks.

Robert Carell is a popular young tنسorial artist employed at the shop of H. H. Mertens, of Troy, N. Y. Mr. Carell is a boxing enthusiast and can always be found at all athletic entertainments in the city.

Jack Hynes, a popular newsdealer of Rockaway Beach, is the champion swimmer of that vicinity as well as a life saver. Mr. Hynes has organized a swimming club called the Undine Natatorium Association.

The Michael Ring Association is composed of some of the best fellows of Troy, N. Y. Standard Bearer Ring is the proprietor of a swell cafe at Hutton and River streets in that city. He is well versed in sporting events. The annual outing of the Michael Ring Association is attended by hundreds.

Lottie Brandon, 19 years old, who weighs 110 pounds, is a champion whose title to the bicycle record is a clear one. Three years ago she began her work on the wheel, and the first season she lowered the 100-mile record for woman, paced and unpaced, covering the time on the Merrick road, Long Island, going the distance in 5 hours 37:25. She made a world's record for women at Detroit, when she went a quarter-mile behind an automobile in 26 seconds. At the famous Vailsburg board track on July 28 she lowered every record in the world for women bicyclists from



FREDERICK LINK of Baltimore, Maryland.

"Police Gazette" physical culture contest is doing a great deal of good in its way.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX--Dear Sir: I am making arrangements to open a bag-punching and weight-lifting academy in this city. I have not paid as much attention to physical culture as I should, perhaps, but the contest in the POLICE GAZETTE, and the many interesting articles on the subject, which have recently appeared in the columns of your valuable sporting paper, have induced me to make this move.

You may use this letter for publication, if you desire, and it may have the effect of inducing some of the backward ones to get into the contest while there is yet time.

I would be pleased to hear from bag-punchers and weight-lifters who are interested in the subject.

I think every man ought to do something to elevate physical culture. I am glad to see, Mr. Fox, that you are taking such an interest in it, and I hope you will keep it up indefinitely.

The photographs of well developed young men, which I see in your paper every week, ought to go a great ways in encouraging others to develop their muscles.

It is a great contest, and the object is a most praiseworthy one.

Wishing you the greatest success in everything you undertake, I am yours very truly,

ROBERT J. OLSON,

623 South Fifth Street, Rockford, Ill.

Please bear in mind, you who read this, that it is only one of many which are received every day at this office.

Mr. Olson will probably make a success of his academy, and whether he does or not the good wishes of this paper will go with him.

The art of physical culture is still in its infancy, and like the tender muscles of the growing boy, it has still to be thoroughly developed. The POLICE GAZETTE is trying to help that development by offering prizes.

We do not need to tell you how valuable those prizes are. You steady readers of the GAZETTE know this paper well enough by this time to know that Mr. Fox does nothing cheaply.

The medals and trophies stamped with his name are of gold, as solid and substantial as his own integrity, and the medal in this instance is just a little better than the rest, because it holds a diamond.

The winner will have something which is worth the winning and worth the keeping.

Intrinsically it will be valuable, and it will be doubly so because of the honor which goes with it.

Mark this:

The future of the man who wins this contest is assured.

He will be famous.

His services will be in demand.

He will be a champion.

He may be a miner, a clerk, a driver, a printer,

Do you think it is worth trying your best to obtain? Have you the necessary effort?

No money wanted.

Cut out the coupon on page 2.

Paste it on the back of your photograph.

That's all.

CONTEST A FINE IDEA.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find photographs of myself and enter me in the physical culture contest. I am twenty years of age. I am a good all-round athlete on the field and in the gym. I want to thank you for getting this contest up, as I think it is a fine idea, for it will turn all the boys minds toward athletic sports, therefore it will do some good to the people generally. Wishing you every success, I remain a subscriber of the POLICE GAZETTE.

JOHN WALKER,
Paterson, N. J.

HE'S A MARVEL.

I send you four photographs of myself and my son, Oscar, Jr. The boy is astonishing the public around here with his wonderful feats of strength and his great muscular development, especially for a boy of his age and weight. He lifts huge dumbbells, and he also puts up with one hand a man weighing 130 pounds.

I am a bookkeeper by occupation and have put in a lot of time and hard work at different gymnasiums and Turn Vereins in Boston and Lawrence. Have taken to strength feats, dumbbell lifting and body building for many years, and have by hard work developed into one of the finest developed men of the country. I have been with Dr. D. A. Sargent, of the Harvard University at Cambridge, Mass., as a living model at the lectures which the doctor was giving and pronounced a marvel. Yours very truly,

OSCAR MATTHES, Sr., Lawrence, Mass.

HE'S A STRONG FELLOW.

Enclosed find my photograph. I am just nineteen years old. My friends insist on sending my photograph to you. I can break a medium wash line around my arm. I have been paying particular attention to the POLICE GAZETTE for the last six months and find it a great paper. Yours truly,

BARNEY MARXER, Millstadt, Ill.

JOE RILEY BEATS GRIFF JONES.

A straight left jab to the face, which landed repeatedly during the six rounds their battle lasted, piled up the points for Joe Riley and he bested Griff Jones at the Golden Gate Athletic Club, Philadelphia, on Aug. 25. The bout was fast throughout, with Riley doing the better work in every round.

In-fighting is Jones' best hold and whenever he got in close enough to rain his short-arm blows to the body he had the best of things, but that happened seldom. Riley had much the longer reach and by sticking his left out at every opportunity kept Jones at a safe distance.

They boxed straight Marquis of Queensberry rules, and agreed to protect themselves on the breakaway. This style boxing caused considerable rough work to crop out, but no harm was done. Jones wasted too

much time in dancing around the ring looking for openings, and Riley, having longer arms, and being a better man at long range boxing, made much of his opportunity by using his left. He had Griff puzzled all during the bout.

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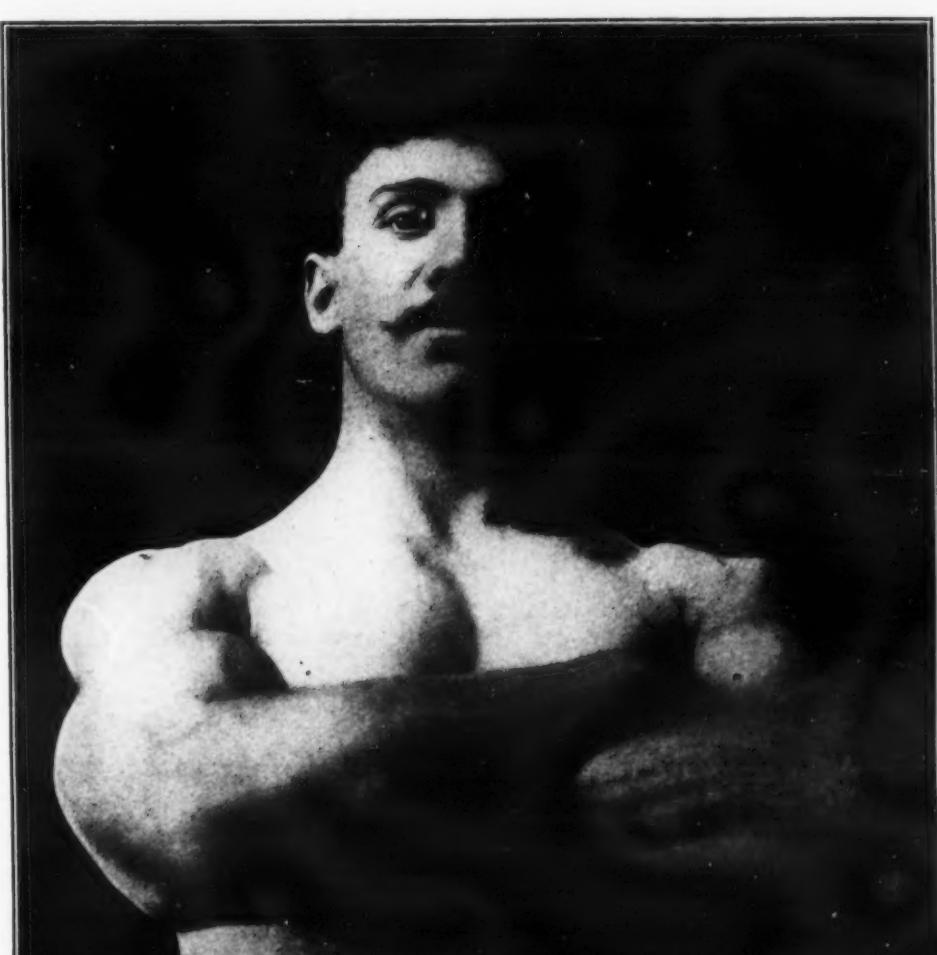
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JOHN BYGIE of Elwood, Indiana.

first until the sixth and last round Ryall fought him all over the ring.

In the first bout Young Pearl was badly whipped by Jack Traddor, although he managed to stay the limit. Todo Moran and "Kid" Egan met in the second bout, and by virtue of Todo's aggressiveness he was justly entitled to the honors although he did not get off without knowing he had been in a fight.

"Kid" Beebe and Billy Kalb put up one of the best fights of the evening. There was not a second lost while the boys were in the ring, banging rights and lefts in quick succession with Beebe's blows having the most steam. The latter varied his blows to the

one to 33 miles, riding 33 miles 750 yards in one hour. She has ridden five miles, each mile at a 1:40 clip, her best mile being 1:36. It is her intention next year to ride the loop the loop. She is riding under the management of Tom Eck, the veteran manager and trainer of bicyclists, and expects to make a tour of Europe within a few months.

IF YOU TAKE A DRINK

Occasionally, you will confer a favor on the POLICE GAZETTE by asking the man who mixes your drinks if he is trying for the POLICE GAZETTE \$75.00 medal for the 1902 championship.

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT...BOBBY WALTHOUR, The Famous Atlanta Bicyclist



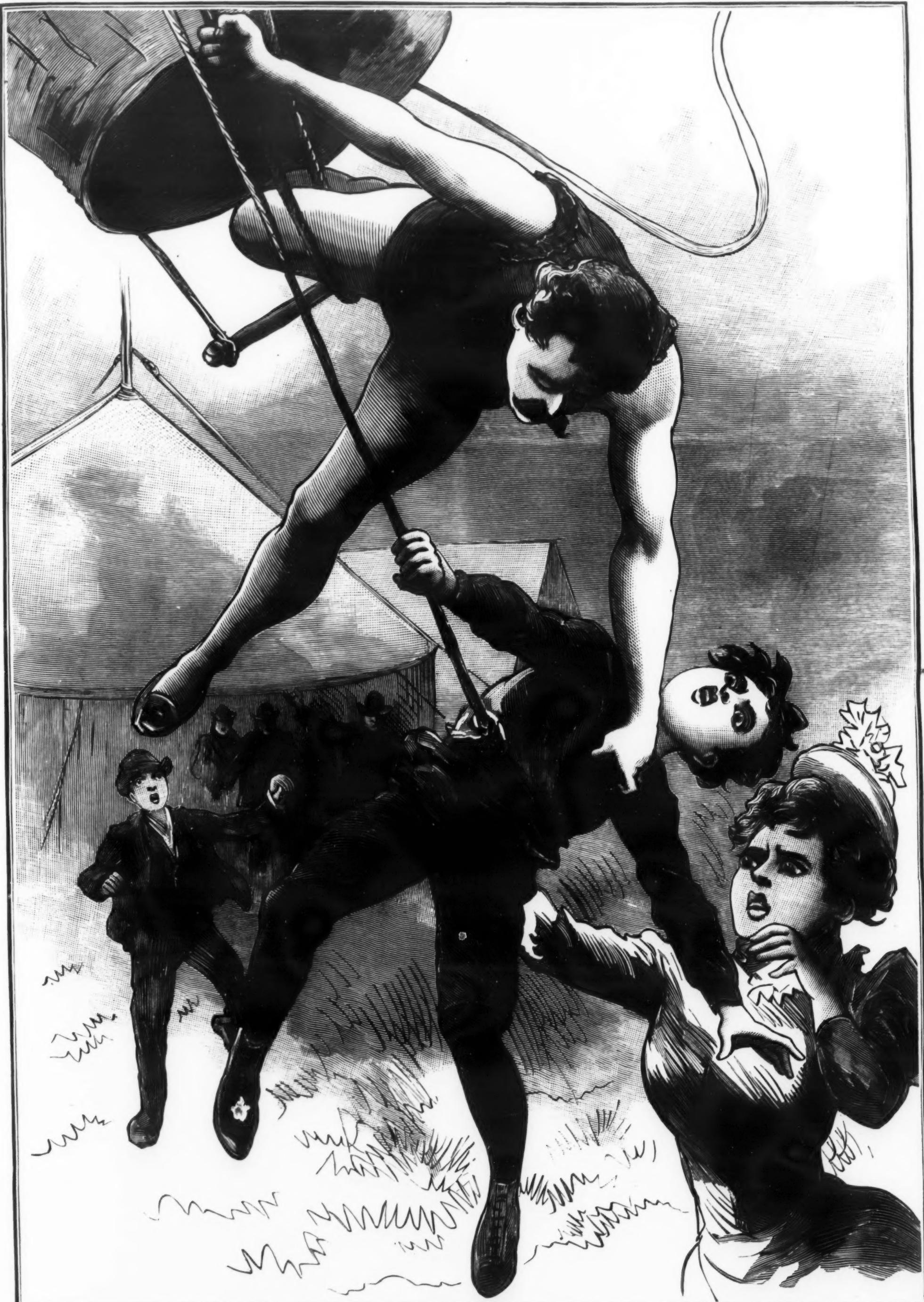
THEN THE LADDER BROKE.

SO, INSTEAD OF BECOMING A BRIDE, A YOUNG WOMAN OF PERU, IND., BECAME A HOSPITAL PATIENT.



BEAUTIES IN A TUB RACE.

SYMMETRICAL MAIDENS OF BAY SHORE, L. I., ENGAGE IN A VERY EXCITING AQUATIC CONTEST.



CLOSE CALL FOR THE KID.

A BALLOON ASCENSION IN MINNEAPOLIS WITH SPECTACULAR FEATURES AND AN UNBILLED LIFE-SAVING STUNT BY THE AERONAUT.

"PARSON" BACK FROM ENGLAND

—TELLS WHY INTEREST IN PUGILISM IS DEAD—

NO CHAMPIONS TO BOAST OF

Story of Fake in Young Corbett-McGovern Fight Discounted by the Reputation of the Man who Originated it.

HERFORD THINKS WELL OF FRANK ERNE--NOW!

Publicity Promoters Give Fictitious Importance to Mediocre Fights--Philadelphia Jack O'Brien Reappears--J. L. S. "Trun Down"--Small Talk.

The arrival of "Parson" Davies in New York city, is always an event of more or less importance in local sporting circles. The genial purveyor of pugilistic amusements is a great favorite here, and his sojourn is always pleasantly remembered by those who have the good fortune to enjoy his friendship. For a year past the "Parson" has been in England promoting the interests of a Texas oil enterprise in which he is interested. Finding London a little dull during the summer months, he decided to "run over," as he said, and look up a few friends. He arrived on the steamship Majestic the other day after a pleasant voyage looking the very picture of health, with plenty of color in his cheeks and showing the effects of good living in a country where good living is proverbial. During the interval when the business of promoting schemes in oil was a bit quiet, the "Parson" found time to do a little something in his old line, and incidentally, an event of recent occurrence proved conclusively that he hasn't forgotten how to "manage" a fistic event. After the Coronation bouts which netted the National Sporting Club a loss of \$24,000, Davies decided to show the Britons a thing or two about handling a boxing encounter. With a daring effrontery he hired the huge transcript of the Crystal Palace in which to bring off a bout between two negroes, Bob Armstrong and "Denver Ed" Martin. As Davies himself says:

"London was amazed when it was announced that I had secured the great transcript of the Palace for a boxing exhibition. The directors were aghast when they saw the ring built in the transcript, where the greatest singers of the world had appeared, and the biggest pipe organs in the world stood out from the wall. Some called it sacrilege, but we pulled the fight off so decorously that all hands were delighted, though I don't think that any one else will ever rent the hall for that purpose."

Interest in boxing in England to-day is at a very low ebb, and the absence of first-class opponents renders it particularly advisable for American fighters to stay at home if they aspire to anything more substantial than honor in the way of remuneration. The patrons of boxing in England, according to the "Parson," are thoroughly convinced of the superiority of our men over theirs, and can hardly be induced to pay to see them fight. A bout between two Yankees is regarded with suspicion.

Davies tells with great gusto of an incident which happened while the amateur bouts in connection with the Coronation festivities were in progress. "The American collegians," said Davies, "were pitted against the local amateur champions, and being outclassed made a sorry showing. The young Englishmen simply 'kicked the stuffing' out of them. It was an awful thing the way they got walloped. One boy was game and took all that was coming for three rounds, but the others retreated under fire. We all had to laugh at the 'shame' amateurs after our professionals had fought so well, and the referee pleaded:

"Don't laff, gentlemen, the Yanks are doing their blooming best."

Asked why England doesn't develop better ring fighters, considering the abundance of magnificent material there is in that country, the "Parson" replied:

"I have figured it out that the climate is too invigorating, and, again, a man who shows rudimentary promise is coddled to death by the sporting men, who are simply wild to find a champion. Dissipation, gambling and late hours do their work in a hurry. They hark back to Sayers and Mace now, but I can't stand for that. I know how those fellows boxed, and I'll go broke, if we could set them in a ring as they were in their prime, that Jeffries with heavy gloves would put them down and out in a hurry. And I'd let the old timers use the bare knuckles, too. Fighting has advanced like everything else. Another reason why England now has no great boxers is that the method of teaching is obsolete, and there are no great boxers to inspire strong youth to beat them."

After a short visit to Chicago and New Orleans, Davies says he is going to South Africa, which he believes will be a great country in the not very remote future.

Since "Big Bill" Naughton proclaimed the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight to be an outrageous "fake" other so-called sporting writers, jealous of the notoriety he acquired in connection with that event, are evidently doing their utmost to emulate his example. It therefore rarely happens that a fistic affair of more than ordinary importance is held without some discrediting rumors being circulated reflecting upon the honesty of the participants. A notable instance of this occurred a week ago when a certain man, whose reputation in the sporting world is so unsavory that I am loath to mention his name, had the effrontery to declare in the columns of the paper upon which he is employed that he had positive knowledge that the result of the forthcoming Young Corbett-Terry McGovern fight had been prearranged, and that the former had agreed to lose. Coming from such a source was in itself a convincing argument against the truth of the statement, and it is needless to say that its importance was discounted as soon as the name of the writer was made known.

Though a trifle perturbed by the rumors that they intended to "fake" their fight, the little Denver champion and his Brooklyn rival have resumed training,

thoroughly imbued with the desire to be in prime condition on the eventful day and do their utmost to prove the stories of the alleged "fake" to be a tissue of lies. Fortunately both Corbett and McGovern can show clean records. Nothing they have ever done reflects discredit upon their reputations, and they are both determined to fight again in a manner which will add honor to the winner and loser alike.

Public interest in the fight between the little fellows relaxed a little owing to the enforced change in the date and locality, but as the time for them to meet draws nigh interest has been stimulated by the reports

Al Herford is an "amoozin cuss." Falling in his effort to get Jimmy Britt, the California lightweight, to renounce his prejudice against negroes sufficiently to fight Joe Gans, Herford has started to boost the man from whom the saddle-colored champion won his title. In a letter which I received from Herford the other day he says:

"Well, I've tried and tried again and then again to induce Jimmy Britt to meet Joe, but the harder I tried the greater became the difference between us."

"There is no doubt that the little Californian is a good man, but I can name several that have got it on him. He is matched to meet Erne in the near future."

"That is his finish. Just because Joe beat Erne, it is no sign, nor does it follow, that others will. As the man in the circus would say: 'Watch Frank Erne.'

That's a fact. Gans is in a class all by himself, and Erne's defeat by him brought no discredit to the conquered champion. Britt may be a good man all right, but he'll have to show something more than he has yet to convince me that he has any business fooling with Erne and McFadden, to say nothing of Gans.

The effrontery displayed by some of the "boasters" engaged in giving publicity to boxing shows entitles them to classification with the "Kid" Millers, "Hungry Joes" and "Grand Central Petes" of bunc fame. To give a fictitious value to a fistic event the favorite method is to label championship all over it and announce that the outcome involves a title. This was done a few weeks ago when Jack Root and George Gardner fought in Salt Lake City. According to the promoters of publicity in this instance the men fought for the middleweight championship. Taking it from a weight standpoint, to say nothing of classification, it would be interesting to know where they figured as disputants of the middle title. Root may have been entitled to some consideration, but the fact that he was beaten by a man whose class has always been questioned practically bars him for all time. Now, then, Root having succumbed to a fighter who is many rungs removed from the top of the championship ladder, what of such men as Tommy Ryan, "Kid" Carter and Marvin Hart, all of whom have been going right

Ever since the Hon. John L. Sullivan was denied an audience with Mayor Low, and conducted to the outer door of the city hall by a New York policeman, he has had no particular love for public officials. There was a time when "Yours truly, John L." did not have to seek audiences. They were thrust upon him. Did not London's coroneted golden youths storm his carriage at Charing Cross Station, and, climbing in, cause the bottom to fall out? Did not the greatest of fighting men graciously meet dignitaries from Wales down? And now to be turned from the office door of a mayor! So passes the glory of the world and the pride thereof. In their prosperity the heroes of the ring should think of the evil days and go gently.

Somebody must have dug up a new brand of "dope" to feed to the boys in Saratoga, who write things for the papers. Here is a sample:

"With all gambling records for this resort broken, and the entire population gambling mad, the season of 1902 is coming to a close. It is ending in a wild revel of gambling such as has never before been witnessed."

"Men caught in the whirl have thrown all discretion to the winds, with the result that in one night's sitting at the Saratoga Club alone it is estimated that \$600,000 was staked."

"On the same day \$600,000 changed hands in the race track betting ring. It is estimated that altogether \$15,000,000 has changed hands in the short season just closing."

Changed hands, eh! Yes, from the right one to the left one and back again.

It isn't often you hear of a fighter "taking the German" for his. In fact, I don't know that I ever heard before of one committing suicide. Charlie Johnson, the veteran Philadelphia fighter, decided, however, that death was preferable to living, and recently, at Atlantic City, N. J., swallowed the contents of a bottle of chloroform. I knew him pretty well and never did believe he had any more brains than the law required to keep him out of the "foolish house," and the manner of his quitting life occasioned no surprise to me. His right name was Charles A. Palmer, and he was born at St. Paul, Minn. He claimed to be a gipsy, and before coming out as a fighter followed bartering as a business. Johnson was always ready to put on the gloves for money with anyone, and met everybody in his class, and many that were too big for him. He was at one time in his career an eligible candidate for lightweight championship honors, but he had the misfortune to happen during the period of "Kid" Lavigne's greatness, and the Saginaw lad was too much of an obstacle for even greater men than Johnson to overcome.

SAM AUSTIN.

AN INTERESTING BATTLE

Will be fought when Terry McGovern and Young Corbett meet. The POLICE GAZETTE will have a great story and new photographs that will interest you.

CHALLENGES.

Terry Ferguson, the Buffalo featherweight, who recently made such a good impression in the amateur tournament held in that city, is ready to meet Jimmy George or George Brown at 110 pounds.

Young Sharkey, of New York, is ready to meet any of the good featherweights, and is particularly anxious to hear from Joe Bernstein. Communication can be had with Ed Raymond, who looks after Young Sharkey's business, at 673 East 144th street.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

"Kid" Carter says "Kid" McPartland is stronger and faster than ever.

George Cole, the Philadelphia negro middleweight, has challenged Jack O'Brien.

"Kid" Walker, of Buffalo, is anxious to meet either George Ross or Percy Bush in a try out at Fort Erie.

Young Erne, the Philadelphia 126-pounder, is a lad whom several of the wise ones are watching these days.

Louis Harris, of New York, wishes to match Eddie Gardner against Hughey McGovern for a purse of \$500 at 108 pounds.

Al Weinig is soon to box Billy Stiff at Chicago, winner to meet Marvin Hart. Warren Zurbrick may go West with Weinig.

A good purse has been offered for George Gardner and "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien to box in San Francisco in October.

Tim Callahan, the Philadelphian, has proved to be a saving fellow, for the other day he purchased a house for his mother in Atlantic City.

Articles have been signed by Jack Bonner and Tommy Ryan for a limited round bout, to take place in Kansas City the latter part of October.

Paddy O'Hearn, of Buffalo, says he has discovered a fistic wonder in the person of a young Italian. He would like to match him with Warren Zurbrick.

Bob Armstrong and Larry Temple, the colored boxers, who recently returned from England, will return to that country in November, as they have been offered good inducements.

Charley Bangs, lightweight Tim Kearns' manager, is anxious to match his man against Martin Duffy or Otto Siefeloff, at 135 pounds. Jack Lowery, Bangs' featherweight, is open to meet Jack Hamilton, Jimmy Briggs or any other 124 to 126-pound man.

George Siler, of Chicago, has been agreed upon as referee for the middleweight championship contest between Tommy Ryan and "Kid" Carter, to be fought before the International Athletic Club, of Fort Erie, Sept. 13.

Frank Erne, the Buffalo lightweight, says this country is good enough for him, notwithstanding the liberal offers he has received to become boxing instructor at a school of physical culture in England. The former champion is bigger now than he ever was in his life, weighing in the neighborhood of 150 pounds.

FIGHTING DOGS

Can be trained by anybody who owns "The Dog Pit," published by Richard K. Fox. It costs twenty-five cents, but it's worth more.

A Noted Catcher of Michigan City, Ind., who has been Doing Great Work on the Diamond this Season and May Play in the National League Next Year.

from their respective training quarters. There is a growing sentiment among pugilistic experts that favors McGovern.

Perhaps they, like myself, took occasion to visit him before he broke camp at Stratford, Conn., to go West, where he decided to finish his training. At that time Terry never looked more fit to go into a ring at any time in his life. The outdoor life on the sound agreed with him, and he is harder, able to stand more, and all around a better specimen of fighting young America than he was when he faced Young Corbett at Hartford. His experience in that affair taught him something. He discovered that he was not invulnerable, and that if he was not in proper physical trim there would be no better chance to retain the championship than if he had not fought his way up to it in a series of severe local battles. He knows a little more about boxing than he did, and, I fancy, will not rush into Young Corbett's arms and invite him to punch him out. McGovern was not in the condition he should have been when he fought Young Corbett before.

Corbett wants McGovern to be in the best kind of shape when they fight again.

"The public has given me little credit for defeating him," he said the other day. "The quick termination of the battle and the general impression that Terry was in poor form when he fought me made the victory seem to many as a fluke. The fact is, I fought and beat him at his own game. He has nothing on me, and I will beat him as easily as I did before."

The fight will take place at Louisville, Ky., on Sept. 22, under the auspices of the Southern Athletic Club.

THE BARTENDER CHAMPION

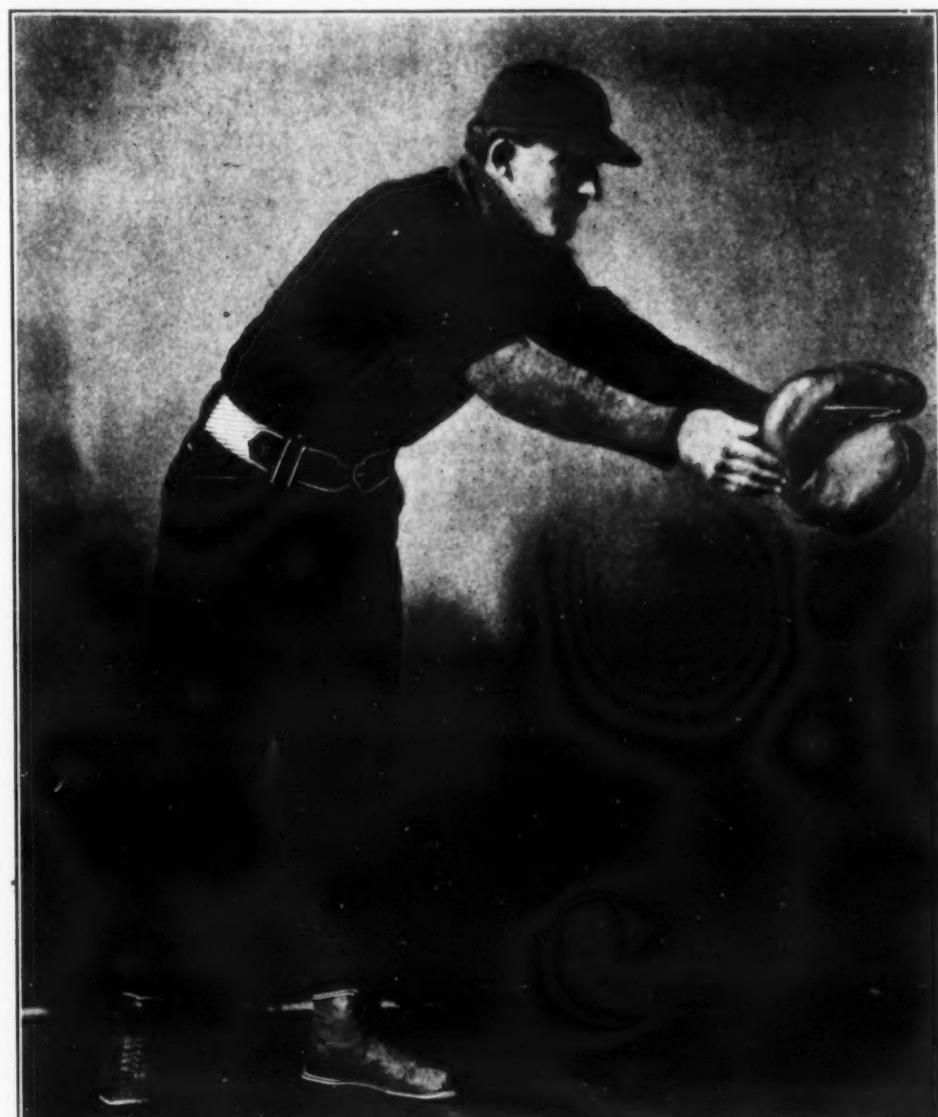
For 1901 not only won a handsome medal but became famous and is now drawing a big salary. Get in.

down the line, beating good ones when occasion demanded, and bad ones when circumstances threw them in their way. Further, what of Bob Fitzsimmons, who defeated Jack Dempsey for the middleweight championship? No one has taken the title from the hermit of Bensonhurst, so that it is preposterous to think of the championship being involved in the Root-Gardiner affair. Fitzsimmons is still middleweight champion, although he does not care a fig for it. He will not defend it, even though Tommy Ryan is willing to fight him for it. Ryan would insist that the weight be 158 pounds, and naturally Butts willing the title should go by default. But neither Butts nor the sporting public wants two such men as Gardner and Root to claim that they are fighting for the middleweight title. There are men who rank much higher than they who should have the honor. "Kid" Carter, Tommy Ryan and Marvin Hart are the artists, and if any one is to have Fitzsimmons' title, why, it rests between this trio.

Well, the Coronation bouts are a thing of the past now, so "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, the accredited middle and heavyweight champion of England, who dodged a chance to defend his titles against his countrymen under the auspices of the National Sporting Club, of London, has decided to come out of his hole and pose once again in the spot-light of public prominence. O'Brien announces that "he has started to do light training as he expects to have an active campaign in the ring during the fall and winter. He is desirous of meeting the winner of the Ryan-Carter fight. If he is not able to secure a battle with the victor of this fight, he will direct his attention to Jack Root or George Gardner."

It's even money that he never had a serious thought of meeting any one of the four men named.

YOU ARE A SPORT. WELL, WATCH PAGE 3 OF POLICE GAZETTE--All About Corbett and McGovern



FRED WILSON.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS' COLUMN

IS THE MOST RELIABLE MEDIUM FOR
DISSEMINATING INFORMATION

Send Your Queries to Us if You Desire Knowledge Upon Any Subject Appertaining to Cards, Sport, War, Etc.

UP-TO-DATE WISDOM BUREAU AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

We Cheerfully Furnish Replies to Our Readers---No Reflection Upon Your Intelligence to Ask Questions---We Like to Hear From You.

Subscriber, Charleston, S. C.—See answer in this column.

W. P. R., Buffalo, N. Y.—Your picture will appear in due time.

A. C., Appalachian, N. Y.—Has McGovern fought Young Corbett since Corbett knocked him out?....No.

M. F. M., Boston.—Let me know how long the eighth round lasted in the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight?

One minute.

Doc, Clarksburg, W. Va.—Do you know of a fighter named Cole Watson?....Yes, but his record has never been compiled.

Reader, St. Louis, Mo.—A bets B that Fitzsimmons' left arm is larger than Jeffries'?....No. See measurements in recent POLICE GAZETTE.

B. J. L., Ludlow, Mass.—Was Lord Derby in a wagon race on Aug. 9, 1902?....Yes, he defeated Bonham in the race you refer to.

A. and T., Streator, Ill.—Seven-up; all the cards are run out but one; A bets last card must be turned up; B says no; which is right?....B loses.

Subscriber, Galveston, Tex.—Which is the best hand in a poker dice game—pair of aces and deuces, or a pair of sixes and deuces?....Sixes and deuces.

J. S., Chicago.—A bets Jeffries and Sharkey fought twice; B bets they fought only once?....They fought twice. See records in "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," ten cents.

C. M., Dubuque, Ia.—Did Tommy Ryan ever defeat Jack Dempsey? What is the price of your boxing gloves?....1. Yes, at Coney Island in three rounds. 2. \$1. 3. \$5 and \$6.

W. McM. and E. B.—A bets that Fitzsimmons was champion of the world; B bets that Fitzsimmons was disputed champion?....He was an undisputed champion of the world.

Reader.—A and B were in a game of pitch, eleven points out; A is nine and bids three; B is ten and makes jack; A plays high, low, game; who is the winner, Jack being played before game is made?....A wins.

L. J. B., Ripley, O. T.—Four men are playing a game of euchre; partners; I am dealing; the man to my left passes and my partner orders me up; can I play them both after my partner orders me to take it up?....No.

J. C. T., Alamosa, Col.—Eleven-point pitch, where you bid for trump and anyone failing to make as many as he bids pays a forfeit; A has eight, B has ten; A bids three, and makes high, Jack, game; B makes low; who wins?....B wins.

J. S., Prineville, Ore.—In a poker game, where one man is staked to \$20 to play on, and at one time during the game he is \$60 or \$70 winner, and the player

United States? What is Jimmy Rocco's record for the above lifts?....1. They are made to order. Write to Belle Gordon, "Police Gazette" champion, care of the POLICE GAZETTE. She will inform you. 2. No authentic records. 3. None that are recognized.

W. and F., Graniterville, Cal.—Seven-up, four-handed; A deals; B begs; spades trump; A runs the cards and turns another spade; A runs again and turns another spade; there is one card left to turn?....Turn the last card.

M. E. Harr, Whiting, Ind.—Playing seven-up, eight spot of clubs is trump; cards are run and Jack of clubs is turned trump; cards run again and Jack of spades is turned trump. Do both Jacks count. House rules not to govern?....Only Jack of spades.

L. G. B., Galena, Ia.—Pitch; B is eight, and K is ten; B bids two and gets the bid; he makes high, Jack, game; K makes low; who wins? Pitch; can the first man bid four and start the play, or must the bid go around to the dealer?....1. K wins. 2. Bid goes to dealer.

W. C. C., Beloit, Kan.—In a game of rotation pool A shoots at the one-ball; one-ball goes off table, sixteen-ball in pocket; I was called on to decide the shot and I decided that A got the sixteen-ball, but lost his shot; was I right?....No. It is a foul shot and he forfeits all he makes.

A. E. M., Marion, Ia.—Did "Farmer" Burns throw Dan McLeod in Davenport five or six years ago?

Which is the best hand in poker dice, two deuces or two aces, five sixes or five aces?....1. We believe so but cannot find record of it. 2. Deuces and sixes are highest in dice games.

J. H., Baltimore.—I write to inquire about a lodge of Free Masons organized in New York fifty years ago known as Excelsior Lodge No. 6. I would like to know if it is still in existence?....Write to Superintendent Masonic Temple, Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, New York city.

O. J. L., Cresco, Ia.—In a game of poker, Jack pots; the pot is opened and all stay; in dealing the cards they give out before all are supplied; in the bottom card dealt to the person drawing or is it shuffled in with the discards and the remaining hands filled therewith?....The bottom card is usually shuffled in.

L. J., Atchison, Kan.—Cross-handed seven-up; A and C are partners; B and D are partners; A deals; B begs; the game is four and five in A's favor; A makes the game even, five and five; D holds the ace and plays high, game and claims he wins; A plays low, Jack and says he wins?....Low, Jack wins.

F. F. S., Alamosa, Col.—In a game of pitch, eleven points, twenty-five cents corner and five cents setback

A picks New Orleans and Atlanta, of which only one won; Birmingham and Memphis did not play and accidentally neither party picked either team. The question is: Is the bet called off, or does either win and which one wins? Does the non-playing of the Birmingham and Memphis teams have an effect on the bet?....Our judgment suggests that it does. Better call bet off.

Enquirer, De Lamar, Nev.—A and B are playing cut and slash poker; A has, before the draw, the joker and a king, which makes him a pair of kings; B has a pair of aces; A drew a pair of queens, which makes him kings up, or three queens; B drew a pair of fives, which makes him aces up, aces and fives; A bets \$1; B calls A and asks him what he has; A says, "I have king up;" B says, "I have aces up," and throws down his hand and takes the pot; A then, in order to win, says, "I have three queens!" B says after he had once called the joker a king, to make kings up, and both showed down, that he could not change it to make three queens; who is right?....Hands show, and A wins.

HAWKINS' WEAK FIGHT.

Dal Hawkins of California fought Jerry McCarthy of Montana ten rounds to a draw at Butte, Mont., recently. Hawkins displayed the best ring tactics, but was unable to land effectively upon his opponent. On the whole the affair was rather tame, the men being but little punished. About a thousand people saw the contest.

JACK O'BRIEN SHAPING UP.

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien has started in to do light work in view of an active campaign in the ring next fall and winter. O'Brien is anxious to meet the winner of the Ryan-Carter bout. In case of not being able to secure a battle with Ryan or Carter, O'Brien will direct his attention to Jack Root or George Gardner. Ed Homan of the San Francisco Athletic Club has notified O'Brien that he will give a purse if O'Brien will go to California and box Gardner twenty-rounds in October. O'Brien is willing to accept if the purse is a liberal one.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOCKEYS,
Baseball players and athletes of all kinds will be published in the POLICE GAZETTE free of charge if they are in uniform. Send them in at once if you have them.

TO DECIDE CHAMPIONSHIP.

An offer has been made by a club in Louisville for a twenty-round bout between Harry Forbes, of Chicago, the holder of the bantam championship of America, and Gus Bezenah, the crack Cincinnati fighter, for the title. Charles Dickens, the fighter promoter of Louisville, who is now negotiating to open a club in that city, has sent word to Bezenah asking him to box Forbes, and wants the mill to be decided some time this month. Bezenah is satisfied to go on with the combat provided the purse is large enough. He has also received an offer to go to San Francisco and meet some of the bantams there in October.

REID WANTS ANOTHER MATCH.

Willie Reid, the young Brooklynlite who was recently defeated by Hughey McGovern, is after another match with his conqueror, and it is expected that the pair will meet in the near future before one of the Philadelphia clubs. Young Reid is not at all satisfied with the outcome of his battle with McGovern and is anxious to get another chance at him, as he believes he can reverse the decision. Reid attributes his defeat to a blow which he received in the first round of the contest. Although defeated Reid says he is sure that he can defeat McGovern, and nothing would please him better than a return match.

JIMMY BRITT'S NEXT FIGHT.

Jimmy Britt's next appearance in the ring will be at the Acme Club of Oakland, Cal., on September 23, when he faces Jack Clifford, Montana's champion lightweight. Clifford and his manager are certainly confident of victory as they have agreed that the winner take all and bet \$500 on the side. Clifford is the man who defeated Jack Wade up North after the latter had that part of the country "wiped dry." Charles Clark, son of Senator Clark, the millionaire copper king, is said to be backing Clifford in this go. Mr. Clark is an ardent admirer of the boxing game and thinks the Montana lightweight is the real McCoy.

CHARLEY JOHNSON A SUICIDE.

Charley Johnson, who committed suicide at his home in Philadelphia recently, had the distinction of fighting about one hundred battles in the ring without being knocked out. His proper name was Charles A. Palmer, and he was born in St. Paul, Minn., May 25, 1871. He began his boxing career at Dayton, O., in 1889 by knocking out Louis Bezenah in fifteen rounds, and his last fight was with Charley Goff at Hot Springs, Ark., to whom he lost the decision.

In 1895 Johnson visited England, where he was adjudged a loser on a very questionable decision with Arthur Valentine. While in that country he defeated such cracks as "Cock Robin," George Crisp, Dick Ambrose, and was for ten weeks the sparring partner of Ted Pritchard, England's premier middleweight.

He was always ready to put on the gloves with anyone and met everybody in his class, and many that were too big for him. But somehow he never was popular with the public. He was fierce and aggressive in the ring, and the majority of the spectators seemed to be anxious to see him beaten. This often happened when the matter of points scored were alone reckoned.

NEW RECORDS.

Wagon Pair—E. T. Bedford, at South Norwalk, Conn., drove a mile in 2:15%.

Bicycle—Bobby Walthour, at Revere, Mass., 25 miles, motor-pace, 35 minutes 11 1-5 seconds.

Steam Automobile—George Cannon, Brighton Beach, Aug. 23, world's track record, one mile, 1:07 3-5.

Sparrow Shooting—Phyllis, of Cincinnati, and Scone, of Siddle, Ill., at the Limited Gun Club grounds, Indianapolis, shot 99 sparrows out of 100.

Swimming—E. C. Schaeffer, at the New York Athletic Club, Travers Island, one mile, 28 minutes 14 3-5 seconds; 100 yards, 1 minute 17 1-5 seconds; 350 yards, 4 minutes 39 2-5 seconds.

ARE YOU MUSCULAR?

If you are, there is a great chance for you to win the "Police Gazette" diamond medal. For particulars, see page 7. Second, third and fourth prizes.

DRINK CONTEST

FOR THE MEDAL

IS NOW BOOMING

An Avalanche of Recipes From American Bartenders.

GET YOURS IN NOW.

Ambitious Hundreds After the "Police Gazette" Championship.

Are you going to get into this contest? There is money enough and medal enough to make it an object if you believe in serving your own interests. Every American bartender is invited to come in and take his chances.

It doesn't make any difference where he is working, he is eligible.

The man who is mixing cocktails in London, and



JOHN N. RADETICH.

A Leading Bartender of New Orleans, La.

the one who is making mint juleps in Cuba stands as good a chance as the bartender within a stone's throw of this office.

Everything is on merit here, and while we shall be glad to have all enter it is not proposed to confine the championship to any particular territory.

If you consider yourself an up-to-date bartender, whether you are employed in a big city or serve drinks in a village hotel, you will cudgel your brains until you invent something new in the drink line.

There is no limit to what you can do if you try.

Then send it in to be formally entered.

Think of the prestige it will give you to be a champion, and think what your prospects will be if you get the medal.

Your services will be in demand.

You will be worth more money to your employer.

If he doesn't think so there are plenty of enterprising men who will.

Your success in your chosen profession will then be assured, for you will be at the top of the ladder.

You will be champion.

Worth trying for, don't you think?

Don't wait. Send in a recipe at once.

Write a letter, too, if you like, telling in it what you think of this contest.

Write your ideas.

They will receive careful consideration.

Is there any other contest that you can suggest?

Do your friends who are in the same business as yourself know of the medal?

If not send us their names and addresses and we will see that they are informed.

No money is necessary to be a competitor here.

You are not held up with a subscription blank, although it might be to your interest to subscribe for very many reasons, the best of which is that the POLICE GAZETTE is the only sporting paper, not only in America but in the world, that is worth the name.

It is being improved with every issue and is keeping up to date. Besides, it is reliable.

Of course you know that there are other prizes besides the medal.

Second, third and fourth prizes in gold coin.

If you don't know all about them then you haven't been getting the GAZETTE regularly, and that's your fault.

Are you interested in the McGovern-Corbett fight?

The GAZETTE will have the story and some new photographs of the clever little fellows that will interest you greatly.

PAUL JONES COCKTAIL.

(By Thomas Reed, Port Norris, N. J.)

Use mixing glass; shaved ice; three dashes Angostura bitters; one-fourth glass Curacao; one-fourth glass Maraschino; one wine glass whiskey; add lemon peel and cherry; stir well and serve in cocktail glass.

LEARN TO MIX DRINKS.

To begin with, get "Fox's Bartender's Guide," which is one of the most compact and authentic books on the market. Twenty-five cents. That's all.

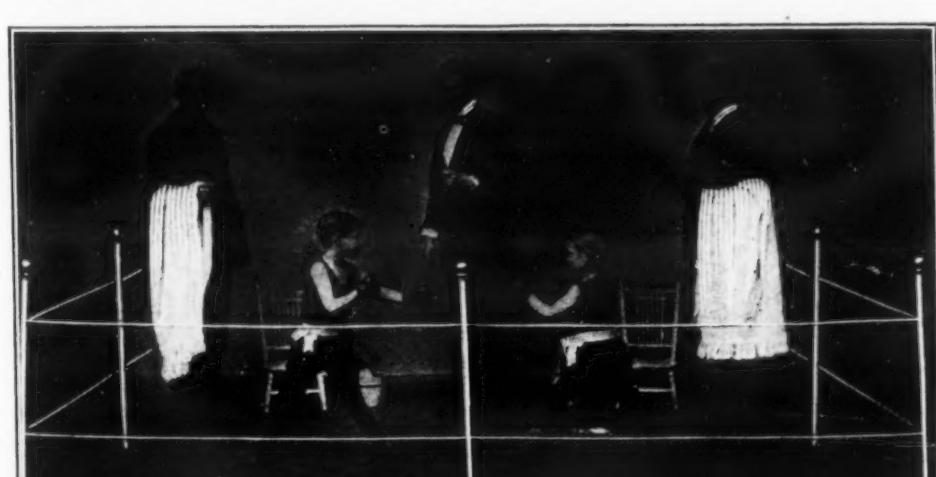


Photo by Lowry Baltimore.

CLEVER LITTLE BOXERS.

The Weiss Brothers of Brooklyn, N. Y., who are Handy with the Mits and Do a Great Act.

and the staker draw out \$20 each and still have the stake money and more left on the table, and the player goes on and loses all that is left on the table, after drawing out \$20 each, does the player owe the staker any money?....Yes, he owes him \$10.

G. L., Bridgeport, Conn.—A, B and D playing euchre; A deals three cards to B; three to C; three to D, and two to himself; then two to B; two to C; two to D, and three to himself; B claims that A's dealing is illegal, that each player should receive the same number of cards each time around; A claims that his dealing is perfectly legal?....Deal is O. K.

Subscriber, Moosehead, Me.—What paper has the largest circulation in America? Who would John L. Sullivan have to beat before he could be champion of the world

**"TROY JIM."**

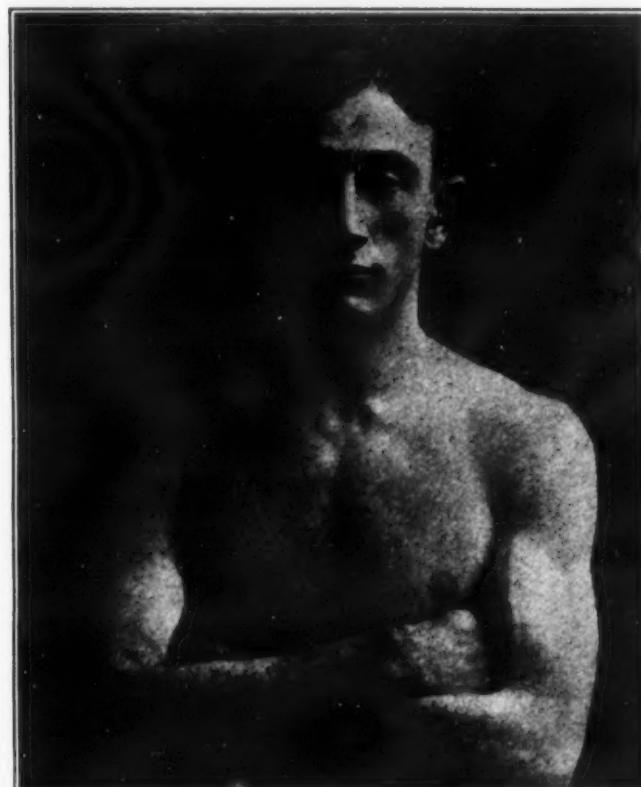
H. H. MERTENS' FAMOUS FIGHTING DOG OF TROY, N. Y.

**ROBERT CARELL.**

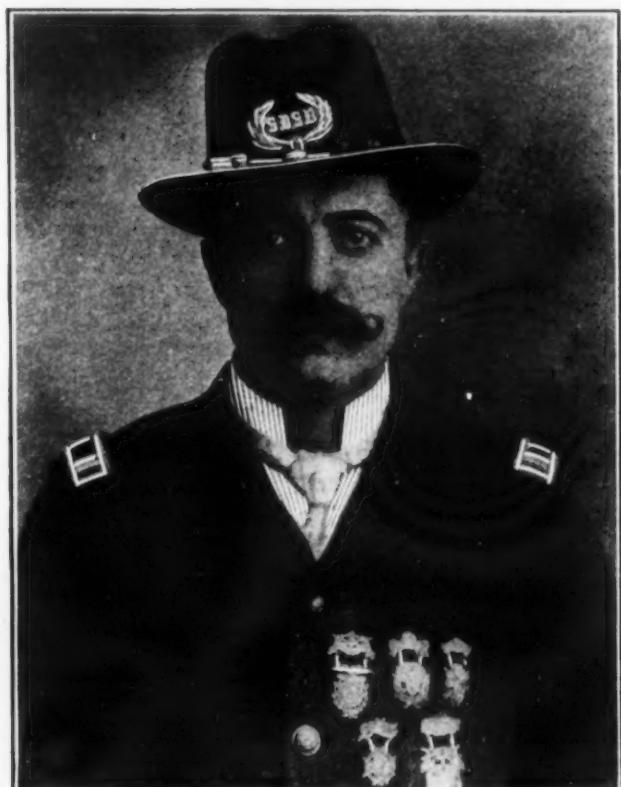
A POPULAR YOUNG SPORTING BARBER LOCATED AT TROY, N. Y.

**BILLY HOWARD.**

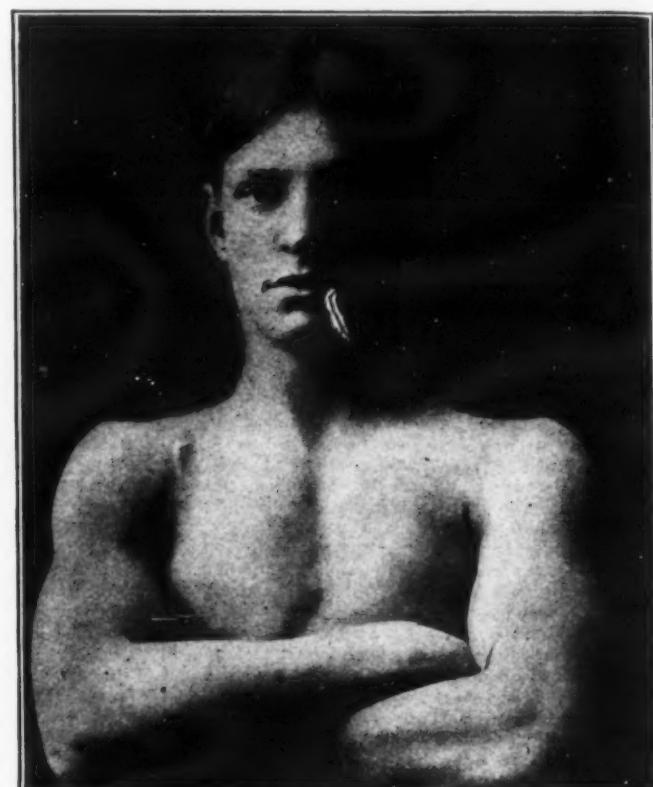
DEAF AND DUMB BOXER OF PITTSBURG, LOOKING FOR A FIGHT.

**GEORGE BAKER.**

CRACK FEATHERWEIGHT OF THE PACIFIC COAST OUT WITH A CHALLENGE.

**LOUIS BERMANN.**

PROMINENT BROOKLYN BONIFACE WHO ORGANIZED A BOER GUARD.

**"KID" FARMER.**

CHICAGO BANTAM WITH 18 STRAIGHT VICTORIES TO HIS CREDIT.

**THEY ARE ALL GOOD SPORTS.**

THE MEMBERS OF THE MICHAEL RING ASSOCIATION OF TROY, N. Y., WHO WERE PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE WHILE ON THEIR ANNUAL OUTING.



EDNA MAY.

SHE'S IN EUROPE JUST NOW MAKING HER USUAL HIT--SHE'S COMING HOME AGAIN THIS WINTER WITH A TRUNK OF TROPHIES.

FAMOUS SALOONMEN

George A. Menard, Proprietor of the Wellington House, Cleveland, O.



George A. Menard is the proprietor of the well-known Wellington House, at 46 Ontario street, Cleveland, O., which is a popular resort of the travelling men, with whom the genial proprietor is a favorite. He is a great admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE, which can always be found on file at his hostelry.

PERSONALS.

When in Utica, N. Y., visit the Turf Exchange, at 58 North Genesee street. Everybody is treated like old friends.

The Phillips House, at Lorain, O., is a popular resort, and visitors will find Proprietor Phillips an obliging host.

The Maple House at Kenosha, Wis., is a well-furnished establishment and out of town visitors will do well to pay it a visit.

Neil J. McIsaac, owner of the Iroquois saloon, at 79 West Water street, Milwaukee, Wis., has a nice place and treats all patrons as old friends.

M. J. Hayes has a high grade of wet goods at his popular resort, 40 Martin street, Milwaukee, Wis., which is patronized by the elite of that city.

Charles Gauer has a fine sample room at Central avenue and Court street, Cincinnati, O., and can count his friends in the Queen City by the score.

A pleasant time can be spent at the Hotel Grand, 309 Fourth street, Milwaukee, Wis. The palm garden is an attractive feature with music afternoon and evening.

George P. Dorrell's sample room at 522 Wells street, Milwaukee, Wis., has a well fitted gymnasium in connection, a novelty that no other wet goods dispenser can boast of.

F. Schneising's garden, corner Blair and Gilbert avenues, Cincinnati, O., is a very popular place. Everybody can have a good time for there is bowling and dancing and the genial proprietor is a good fellow.

Billy Needham, whom patrons of boxing will remember as a clever lightweight, is now the owner of a neat place, corner Fourth avenue and Eighteenth street, College Point, N. Y., where he is ready to meet all comers, though he has retired from the roped arena.

EVANS'ALE

FOUGHT TO A FINISH.

"Kid" Hugo, of New York, knocked out Harry Bresnick after ten rounds of furious fighting in a private battle held near the old Guttenberg race track on August 28. A left hook to the jaw, delivered during a fierce mixup, ended the mill and brought Hugo the spoils of the conqueror. The bout was arranged by Prof. Jimmy De Forest, the New York boxing instructor. Johnny Gorman acted as referee and about fifty Gotham sporting men witnessed the contest.

When called to the centre of the ring by the referee, Bresnick was seen to be in the better shape. He weighed about 115 pounds, while Hugo was at least ten pounds heavier.

For awhile Bresnick was the aggressor, but Hugo kept hammering his stomach with rights and lefts which took some of the steam out of him. In the last round Bresnick looked all in and tried hard to land a right swing to bring home the money, and as he dropped his guard Hugo crossed him with a hard right to the jaw. Bresnick held Hugo around the neck as he fell. Bresnick's head struck the floor a terrible thump. He took the full count. As he rose to his feet he was wobbling on his pins, and Hugo feinted his right to the body and crossed his left to the jaw, putting him down and out.

A side bet of \$600 hinged on the result of the go. Both men were badly used up and looked as though they had been through a threshing machine.

A QUICK KNOCKOUT.

"Kid" Mulligan, of Brooklyn, and Jack Sheehan, of Savannah, met before the East Side A. C., Savannah, Ga., recently, in what was to have been a twenty-round mill. The contest lasted only a minute and a half, however, as Sheehan put his opponent down and out in his second rush with a right to the jaw.

PERSONAL.

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THE STARS WILL TELL YOU ALL.
If you wish happiness, harmony, success in business or marriage, the knowledge of how to successfully control others, consult **RATHIEL**, the greatest astrologer of modern times, who foretold the death of President McKinley. Send date of birth and 10¢ for typewritten partial horoscope. **PROF. BERNICE RATHIEL, Academy of Occult Sciences, 127 East 23d St., New York.**

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GET MARRIED 10,000 LADIES are anxious to marry. Many worth from \$10,000 to \$30,000. Big sealed list with full descriptions and P. O. addresses mailed free. **STAR AGENCY, 402 Austin Station, CHICAGO.**

MARRY Is there a gentleman who would marry a nice-looking lady on short acquaintance. She is wealthy and willing to give her husband \$5,000 on wedding day. Address **F. M., 997 Fulton St., Chicago.**

MARRY 10,000 MANY RICH. **STANDARD CO. CLUB, 81a, Chicago, Ill.**

YOUNG WIDOW: no children; owns fine farm and other property; also \$10,000 cash; wants kind, reliable husband. **HART, 47 Park Ave., Chicago.**

10,000 ARE VERY ANXIOUS TO GET MARRIED Many rich. Big list with pictures & addresses **FREE**. **THE PILOT, 526 Monticello Av., Chicago.**

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Refined young widow has cash and fine western property to the amount of \$49,000, wants immediately kind, honest husband to manage same. **White, 224 Morgan St., Chicago.**

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RING EVENTS.

Marvin Hart has a challenge out to any midweight in the world.

Tommy West desires another match with Joe Walcott and the "Black Demon" is agreeable.

It is rumored that Jeffries and Corbett have signed an agreement to meet in San Francisco in October.

It cost the father of Willie Reid, of Brooklyn, \$1,000 to discover that his son was not even a second-class bantam.

Billy Ryan, a Brooklyn scrapper, is the latest boxer to seek a match with Hughey McGovern. Ryan says that he will fight McGovern at 110 or 112 pounds.

Jack Downey has organized the Shasta Athletic Club at Redding, Cal., and intends to pull off several matches this fall and winter. He is looking for a man to fight Emil Sanchez, the Cuban wonder, at 128 pounds.

An exchange says that Naughton, the man who called the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight a fake, has written a book entitled "What I Don't Know About Prizefighting." It is an immense volume and one of the most interesting chapters is labeled "lip-reading."

"Kid" Lavigne, the former lightweight champion, has arrived in Chicago and a friend who saw him writes that he did not look like the broken down boxer reports from the Pacific Coast would lead one to believe he was. With a good rest the "Saginaw Kid" will probably be all right again.

PARKER THROWS WILEY TWICE.

Harvey Parker won the wrestling match from Max Wiley at the Empire Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 28, in two straight falls after one of the most remarkable exhibitions of skill and endurance ever seen on the mat. The time of the falls was 52:40 and 1:39:45 respectively.

The preliminary between John Little and Bert Caire was won by the former, the time of the falls being 11:05 and 9:20 respectively.

BRIGGS WILL BE BUSY.

Jimmy Briggs, the Boston scrapper, has several important engagements for the near future that will keep him on the move. He is now matched to box Jack Hamilton and Billy Ryan, and will meet the winner of the Sears-Rice bout at Lewiston, Me., early in October

MISCELLANEOUS.

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CLUB Room and Fair Ground goods of every description; also 100 varieties of Slot Machines. Send for catalogue before buying. Address **OGDEN & CO.**, 253 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

HOLD-OUT Wheels, percentage dice, marked cards, blot-out ink, etc., etc. Latest in magnets for dice. Agents wanted. **J. James Mfg. Co.**, Ft. Scott, Kan.

DICE Missouts \$5.00, Crap Dice \$3.00. Loaded to suit you. Marked Cards \$1.00 per pack. Six packs \$5.00. Can't lose with our goods. **BARR & CO.**, Highwood, Ill.

CARDS Sample pack stamped back playing cards **WITH KEY** for 35 cents. **JAS. JOHNSON & CO.**, Austin, Ill.

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Harry H. Burton is the proprietor of a neat shop at 434 South Desplaines street, Chicago, Ill. He is an expert with the shears, and his place is patronized by many of the sporting fraternity of the Windy City. Mr. Burton has greatly added to the attractiveness of his place by having neatly framed all the "Police Gazette" supplements.

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Used to dry excessively moist and lax hair. One-half pint Oil of Sweet Almonds; two fluid drachms Oil of Bitter Almonds (essential); one fluid drachm Oil of Cassia; one-half drachm Oil of Musk (huile). Mix together thoroughly. The musk may be omitted, if desired.

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BALSAM OF PERU HAIR TONIC.

One-quarter pint simple oil (hot); two and one-half drachms Balsam of Peru (pure); one drachm Oil of Nutmeg (essential); put in a corked bottle and shake until they are thoroughly mixed; allow to stand for one day, and then pour off the clear portion; if distilled with an equal weight of simple oil, the result is said to be very good for promoting the strength and luxuriance of the hair.

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BASEBALL GOSSIP.

Joe Kelley has made Winnie Mercer a good offer to join the Reds next year.

Billy Hallman has quit playing with the Phillies this season and returned to the stage.

Manager Donovan announces that ten of his present team have re-signed for next year.

It's a pretty even bet that Detroit has secured the signature of Vic Willis to a two years' contract.

It is said that Waddell is again to accompany the winter tourists to the coast. He was a big attraction last winter.

Coughlin, the clever third baseman of the Washington Club, has signed a three years' contract with his old club.

Padden has recently been nicknamed "Brainy Dick" by the St. Louis papers on account of his clever work from the "inside."

Joe Kelley is sorry he turned Pitcher Currie adrift. His work with St. Louis up to date stamps him as a promising slab artist.

According to Seymour of the Reds, there is no more desirable manager in the business for a player to place himself under than McGraw.

Several members of the Cincinnati team have declared themselves as not being any longer favorable to the Players' Protective Association.

President Dreyfuss refuses to say whether his men have all signed for next season or not. When they sign Barney will give it out all right.

Since John McGraw has been with the New Yorks there have not been more than two or three games in which there has been really poor baseball.

Cronin has a style of pitching that he does not need to have patented, as it is entirely his own. It is entirely a snap throw, but he gets speed and accuracy.

Jake Beckley easily leads the Reds in the matter of home runs for the season. Last season at this time Sam Crawford had over a dozen homers to his credit.

Sam Crawford is playing much better baseball now than ever before in his career. Kelley is paying much attention to the big fellow's development, and the results have been most satisfactory.

WANT WALCOTT AND JACKSON.

Negotiations have been begun by Manager McCarey, of San Francisco, for a fight between Joe Walcott and Young Peter Jackson for the welterweight championship of the world. These two very black negroes are about the hardest men of their weight in the ring, and have met before. The last contest ended in a draw and was a fight of fights.

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Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the Institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts, can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 1441 Electron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

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COLE WATSON'S GAME FIGHT.

Although taking enough punishment to stop an ordinary boxer, Cole Watson, by a wonderful exhibition of pluck and endurance stayed six rounds with Young Erne in the windup at the Broadway Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 28.

Erne had the best of the fight from the start, but Cole managed to stay out the round by a wonderful exhibition of gameness.

Watson recuperated very quickly in the minute's rest and went at Erne savagely in the fourth. He cut open Erne's left eye with a jab but the Gray Ferry lad scored two knockdowns before the bell rang. Watson was in a pretty bad way as he went to his corner, but his seconds, by heroic work, had him in good shape as the bell rang for the fifth.

Erne tried hard to end matters in this round, but Watson kept out of danger by clinching and keeping away from his opponent. Both went at it determinedly in the last round, and although Erne twice dropped Watson he could not stop him.

"Kid" Beebe was substituted for Tommy Love in the semi-windup to meet Phil Logan. Love was unable to appear owing to a badly damaged eye. Beebe put up a good bout for so short a notice, but Logan's left-hand jabs entitled him to the verdict.

In the preliminaries Tommy Daly put it all over Pat Carey in the opening bout. Young McKenzie stopped Young Kelly in the fourth round. Tommy Coleman forced Oscar Pearce to quit in the second round, while Joe Kelly outpointed Eddie McCaffrey.

WRESTLER M'LEOD WON.

An immense crowd saw Dan McLeod, of Hamilton, Ont., defeat H. L. Lundin in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match at the Coliseum, Worcester, Mass., on August 28. McLeod won in straight falls in forty-one minutes and twenty-one minutes and thirty seconds, respectively. Oscar Sundstrom, of Worcester, and Charles P. Rodgers, of Fitchburg, wrestled to a draw in a half hour preliminary.

HUGHES AND KRAMER WON.

A match at bowling took place at Cordes & Holden's Alleys, Brooklyn, N. Y., recently, between Fred Kramer and Harley Hughes on one side and Horace May and Jim Daly on the other side. The match was for \$50 a side, best three out of five games. Kramer and Hughes won three straight games.

LOVE KNOCKS KELLY OUT.

Tommy Love, of Philadelphia, knocked out Young Peter Kelly, of Boston, at Baltimore, Md., on Aug. 27, in the sixth round of their twenty-round bout.

ABEL BESTED BY ABE ATTELL.

Abe Attell easily outpointed "Kid" Abel at the American Club, Chicago, Ill., on August 25. Abel could not find the little Californian, who danced around the ring and jabbed him 900 times in six rounds.

HANLON DEFEATS RAUSCH.

Eddie Hanlon, of San Francisco, was given the decision on Aug. 29 at San Francisco, Cal., over Morris Rausch, of Chicago, at the end of the sixth round. The police stopped the fight after Rausch went down twice. Rausch was the favorite at ten to nine.

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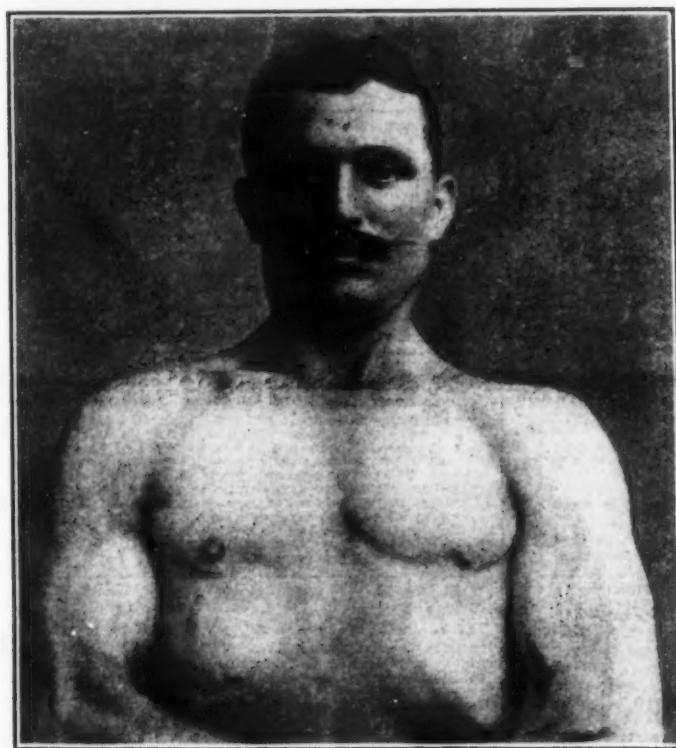
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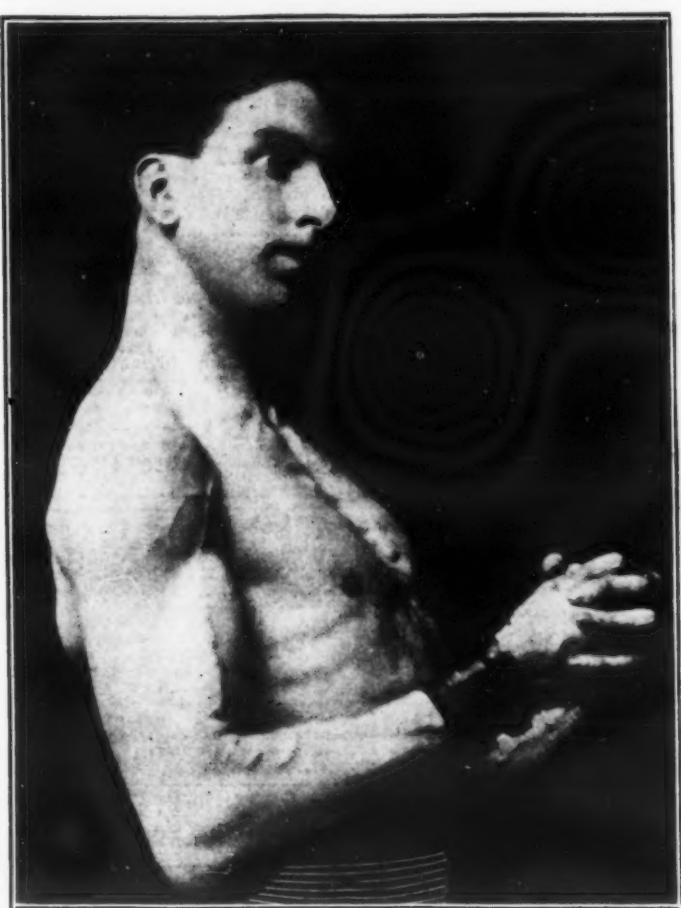
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SOME OF THE AMATEUR STRONG MEN AND ATHLETES WHO ARE CONTESTANTS FOR
THE DIAMOND MEDAL AND MONEY PRIZES IN GOLD--SEE PAGE 7.

Supplement to POLICE GAZETTE, No. 1309, Saturday, September 20, 1902.

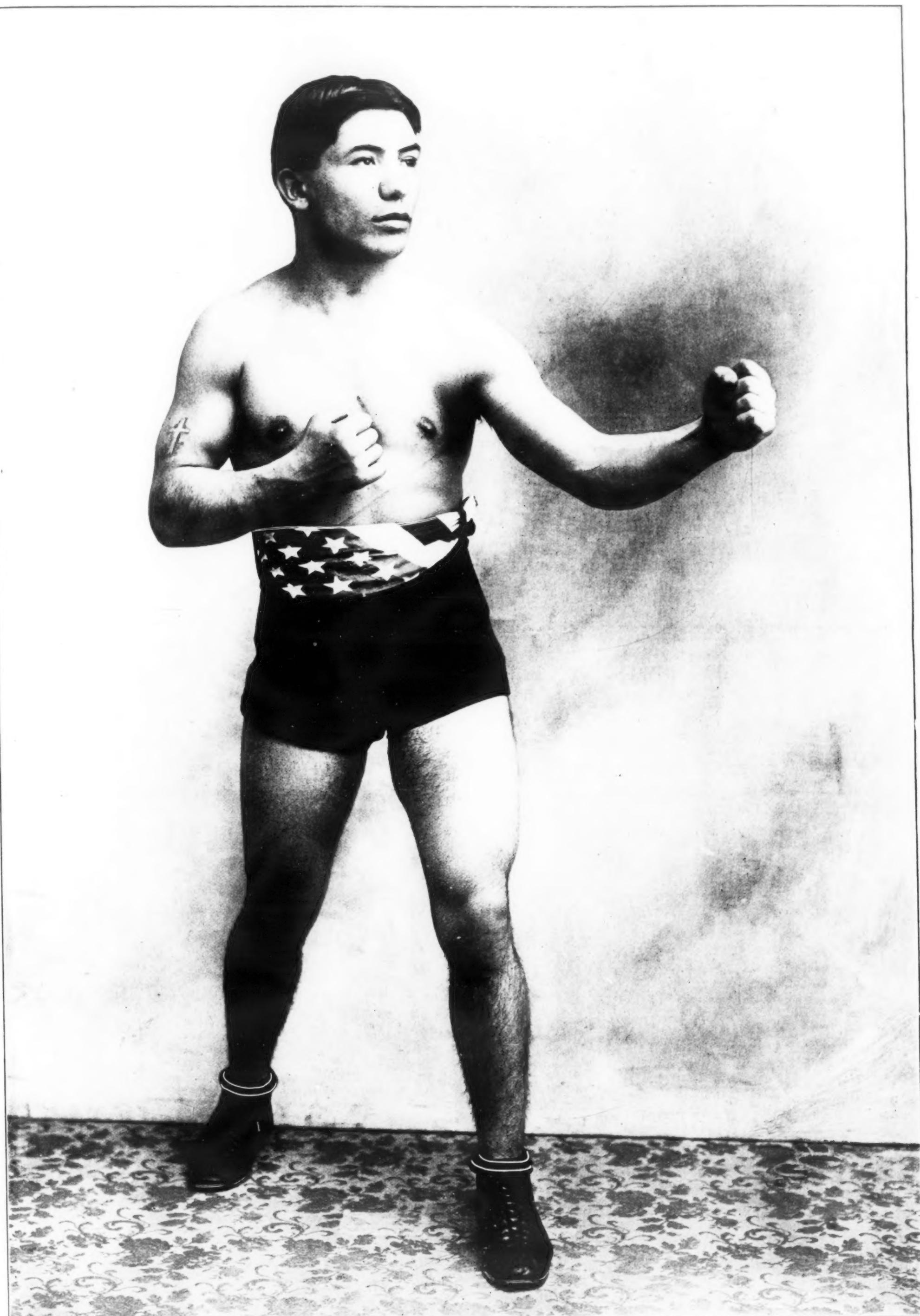


Photo by HOLZMANN, Jersey City.

CHARLEY SIEGER.

A Hoboken, N. J., Lightweight Pugilist who is Coming Rapidly to the Front.